THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BALFOUR can scarcely be grateful to MR. GOSCHEN for the eulogy which the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid on the leader of the House with a trowel in West Islington. MR. GOSCHEN was almost moved to hysteria as he praised "the splendid eloquence" of "our young and gallant leader." The chief drawback to this adulation is that it is quite out of date. It is about a fortnight since MR. BALFOUR excited the turgid admiration of his colleague by his reply to MR. DILLON on the subject of Irish distress. In the interval the leader of the House has made every possible blunder, and it has even been suggested by the *Standard* that, instead of bursting into "splendid eloquence," he should "adapt himself to the temper of the Home Rulers"! MR. GOSCHEN never had a keen perception of public opinion, but he might usefully make himself acquainted with the views of his own party.

THE ingenious arithmetician who has been making as soft a bed as possible for the Government to fall on at the General Election has been good enough to suggest that there will be 254 Tories in the next Parliament, 200 Liberals, and 42 Liberal Unionists. This provisional calculation is slightly affected by the circumstance that 92 seats are left doubtful. So the Unionist majority may be 105 or it may be only 15, for which the *Times* would be grateful; or—horrid thought!—there may be a Liberal majority of 79. Such, indeed, is the iniquity of contingencies that the Home Rule party may even be stronger than that. But the mattress-maker of the *Times* has done his most with great deftness, for if the Government should come down with a painful thud they cannot say that he did not warn them.

THE Ulster Nonconformists have made another appeal to their brethren in Great Britain against MR. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy. They urge their co-religionists here to be true to the traditions of 1662, which is apparently the latest historical date in the Ulster Presbyterian mind. English Nonconformists are somewhat in advance of the epoch, and quite sceptical as to the "sanguinary civil war" which is to follow Home Rule. It would be better for the non-Episcopal ministers of Ulster if they would show their zeal for religion in some other way than that of stimulating Orange fanaticism to a crazy enterprise.

IT is quite clear that LORD WANTAGE'S Committee will be ignored by the War Office, which finds the absurd optimism of SIR ARTHUR HALIBURTON more to its taste. The Committee which suits the bureaucrat is that which has reported that there are quite enough gunners and firemen and stokers in the Navy, if calculated in a way peculiar to red tape. The finding of such a Committee is accepted by LORD GEORGE HAMILTON in his most solemn manner, though it reports a state of things which is utterly beside the mark. MR. FORWOOD admitted that the genius who went wrong with some boilers made a mistake which cost the country a large sum, but he is quite certain that this error will not recur. The discussion of the Army and Navy Estimates under these conditions becomes a perfect farce.

TWO of the deaths announced this week might supply a text for a dissertation on the growth of popular government in Europe. The GRAND DUKE OF HESSE—best known in England, first as the husband of PRINCESS ALICE, and next for a sensational and brief morganatic union which in no way disturbed the affectionate relations between himself and his English kinsfolk—had seen and accepted the transition from the eighteenth-century Court Government of a little German Grand Duchy to the Nationalist democracy—tempered by Prussian despotism—of the German Empire. LORD HAMPDEN, during his twelve years' Speakership, had presided over the House of Commons in the most troublous period of its passage from an aristocratic club, the majority of whose members were expected as a rule to stay away, to a democratic assembly overloaded with work, full of ardent politicians anxious to justify the reputations already achieved elsewhere, and with a Nationalist party as strong in spirit if not in numbers as that in any Continental Legislature. A systematic obstruction worthy of Australia or Newfoundland, an irreconcilable particularism like that of Czechs or Alsatians, made their first considerable appearance during his tenure of office, and it is a matter of history how, on February 2nd, 1881, he assumed the power with which the House would gladly have invested him if it had been likely to be able to do so, and closed a sitting of forty-one hours by a *coup d'état*. Since his retirement in 1874 he had taken but little active part in politics, but his experience—both as an old Parliamentary hand and as a practical agriculturist—had led him to lend his great authority to the new departures of the Liberal party, both in their Irish policy and in their treatment of the English agricultural labourer. He derived the keenest pleasure, it is stated, from the victory of his third son at Wisbech.

THE new London County Council has been fairly started, and LORD ROSEBERY has undertaken to see it through the first troubles of its career. The position of the Chairman—whether as a mere Speaker, or a chairman who intervenes to further the business—is the first point for settlement. The question of the salary of the Deputy-Chairman seems likely to cause considerable difference of opinion in the Progressive ranks. The committees have set to work even before their completion, and no doubt with undiminished energy. Meanwhile the list of Aldermen is satisfactory enough. Everyone will be glad that SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, MR. BEACHCROFT, and MR. HOARE are to have six more years of office. Many people, however, will be tempted to wish that additional places existed to be filled by administrators so able as MR. PHILLIPS and MR. ECCLESTON GIBB, or perhaps by specialists like the EARL OF MEATH, MR. DOBBS, and MR. CHARLES BOOTH—though it is fair to add that the latter is at present best known as a statistician.

MR. DIGGLE is fortunately not to be translated to an Aldermanic Chair at the County Council to make room at the School Board for a more consistent DIGGLEITE; while the designs of the Moderates on MR. HERBERT SPENCER have been frustrated by that philosopher himself. Their request is a significant indication of the extent of their acquaintance with his life and work. We cannot suspect them of a joke; but we should have thought

everyone who had ever paid any attention to MR. SPENCER'S works would be aware that he is the slowest of workers, and that, had the Moderates elected him, they would have had to make room for at least one of his secretaries.

THE chief duty of the Council is now to secure its emancipation from the pedantic and irritating restrictions imposed on it by the Government. The *Star*, which has worked so well for London, will probably, before these pages are published, have given the public some valuable particulars on this matter, as well as some no less valuable statistics of the systematic opposition by the London Tory members to measures either promoted by the last Council or known to accord with Progressive views. Their votes on twenty-four bills or motions of this kind are chronicled. MR. RITCHIE comes second or third on the list, with twenty adverse votes, while GENERAL GOLDSWORTHY opposed in every case. From no member on the list, save MR. J. R. KELLY, did the Council obtain any appreciable support.

ON Thursday the conference of the Miners' Federation decided to terminate the coal stoppage. Work will accordingly be resumed on Monday, except in Durham, where, however, the strikers can hardly hold out long against the drop in prices caused by the reaction. So far, the crisis has chiefly benefited the middleman. Economically, the most hopeful of its results is the attention it has directed to the question of exorbitant royalties and "wayleaves."

THE execution of the Aylesbury poachers is likely to revive the agitation for the amendment of the Game Laws. Two gamekeepers were killed in the attempt to arrest three poachers who had committed the felony of knocking over a pheasant. There appears to be no reason why the keepers, who must have known the poachers perfectly well, could not have been content to arrest them peaceably next day. When a policeman observes a well-known offender stealing a loaf, he does not think it necessary to bludgeon the thief. But the Game Laws are administered in such a fashion that the keepers must make a murderous attack on the poachers at sight, and run the risk of losing their own lives. And all this because the game preserver must have a special law which entitles his servants to carry on a barbarous war.

WHAT seems to have been a series of crimes of the most atrocious character has been suddenly brought to light this week. A few days ago the dead body of a woman was discovered in a house in Melbourne recently occupied by a man named WILLIAMS. The body, which was buried in cement under the kitchen floor, was recognised as that of WILLIAMS'S wife, an English lady who had recently arrived with him in the colony. WILLIAMS, who had left the house, was promptly arrested. Then people remembered that a former wife and two children had disappeared in a mysterious manner, and it was resolved to inquire into his antecedents. The English police were communicated with, and the result was the discovery, in a house he occupied last autumn at Rainhill, near Liverpool, of the bodies of five murdered persons, four children and a woman. These, like the woman whose corpse was discovered at Melbourne, had been buried in cement beneath the floor of the kitchen. It is long since crimes so exceptionally horrible and so manifestly deliberate have been brought to light, and we may not yet know the worst.

LET honour be given where it is due. Everybody now recognises the great services rendered by MR. STEAD in bringing about an amendment of the law for the protection of women and young girls; but it must be remembered that there were other workers in the same field before MR. STEAD, and it is hardly fair to them to give that gentleman the whole of the credit. This week, for instance, it has been roundly asserted that the credit for the change in the law which led to the conviction of a scoundrel who had compelled his own wife to follow an immoral life was due to MR. STEAD. But, as a matter of fact, the clause in the statute under which the conviction was obtained was inserted on the recommendation of JUDGE SNAGGE, whose services as Government Commissioner in putting an end to the traffic in English girls abroad have not yet been adequately recognised. It was MR. SNAGGE who, so far back as 1881, urged upon the Home Secretary the passing of a law making it a criminal offence to procure any woman to become a common prostitute; and it was MR. SNAGGE'S proposals on this and other subjects which were embodied in the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885.

THE rate of discount in the open market is about $1\frac{5}{8}$ per cent., and there is a tendency downwards. Henceforward the payments out of the Exchequer will exceed the receipts, and in two or three weeks the quarterly interest on the National Debt will be paid. In the meantime, speculation is utterly paralysed; trade is falling off, and has suffered somewhat more in consequence of the coal strike. All over Europe money is cheap and abundant, and although rates are rising in New York, still the supply is very large, and the market promises to be easy for a long time to come. The silver market is also exceedingly quiet. The price has fallen to $41\frac{1}{4}$d. per oz.—only half a farthing per oz. above the lowest quotation yet recorded. The Indian demand is declining, and there is none for any other country, while speculators are quite discouraged. The Free Coinage Bill is to be discussed by the American House of Representatives next week, but though it will probably pass the House, and possibly may pass the Senate, everybody seems to be agreed that it will be vetoed by the President.

THE event of the week, from the City point of view, is the appointment of two receivers to liquidate the once great house of MESSRS. DE MURRIETA & CO. When the proposal to transfer the business of the house to the South American and Mexican Trust was defeated by the opposition of the Ottoman Bank a new valuation of the assets was made, and the auditor reported that they were worth less than twice the amount of the debentures, below which they were not to fall, according to the Debenture Trust Deed, without the appointment of a receiver. Accordingly on Wednesday morning an application was made by the Debenture Corporation, as a holder of part of the debentures, and was supported by the Trustees and Executors Corporation as trustee for the debenture holders, that two receivers should be appointed, and as no opposition was offered by MESSRS. DE MURRIETA an order was made accordingly. While there is much sympathy with the members of the firm there is a general feeling of relief that the struggle to keep up an appearance of solvency is at last ended. It had kept the City in alarm all through last year, and even during the past few months has been an element of doubt and uncertainty. While this was taking place it was a matter of course that all business upon the Stock Exchange should be checked; for though practically the credit of the house had been ruined, and most well-informed people were looking for what has happened, still nobody could foresee how the actual appointment of a receiver would be taken by the general public. The Paris and Berlin Bourses have been agitated during the week by the failure of MESSRS. GÜNZBURG, the great Jewish banking house of St. Petersburg and Paris, and home railway securities have been affected by the crisis in the coal trade.

MR. BALFOUR'S COLLAPSE.

MR. BALFOUR'S collapse in his new post of leader is still the chief topic of conversation in political circles, and its importance is hardly likely to be minimised by the feeble attempts of the *Times* to bolster up its fallen idol. The legend which grew around him during his Irish Secretaryship, and which found adherents and believers even in the Liberal ranks, has been dispelled with a suddenness which must have caused no inconsiderable shock to many worthy persons. The readers of this journal need hardly be told that we are not among those who believed in the exaggerated estimate of Mr. Balfour's qualities which was current a few months ago. But, on the other hand, we must admit that we did not foresee the absolute breakdown which has taken place in his Parliamentary leadership. It was impossible to believe that so able a man would fail so utterly in a position in which the late Mr. Smith, the very reverse of a man of genius, attained no inconsiderable success. Once more, however, the fact is brought home to us that gifts which shine conspicuously in subordinate offices are absolutely detrimental to the man who reaches the highest position in the House of Commons. The leader of that House must certainly be something more than a mere fighting member of his party. He has to sustain great traditions, and he must represent the dignity and spirit, not of a Ministry, but of Parliament as a whole. Unfortunately for Mr. Balfour, he seems unable to forget that he won the cheers of his party by the insults he habitually addressed to the Irish members, and he evidently labours under the delusion that it is by the use of similar tactics that he will gain the approval of his followers now. If his Parliamentary experience had been longer, or if he were not himself blinded by self-conceit, he could hardly have fallen into this mistake. Mr. Disraeli, who might fairly be regarded as the exemplar of modern Conservative leaders of the House, had many faults, but he was free from those errors in taste and tactics which are so conspicuous in the man who now sits in the place he once occupied. He had the historic imagination, and never forgot that he led not a party, but the House as a whole. Bitter as he could be in debate when crossing swords with a rival, and unscrupulous as he often was in the manœuvres by which he sought to carry his followers to victory, he was never wanting in respect to his opponents as a body, and never forgot that the way to success in the special position which he occupied was to be found in the path of conciliation. Mr. Disraeli, moreover, had a real knowledge of the forms of procedure, the rules and the traditions of Parliament; and though he sometimes tripped, he could never have blundered quite so badly as Mr. Balfour has done during his brief tenure of the leadership.

But the collapse of Mr. Balfour is in itself a comparatively small matter when we consider the collapse of the House as a whole. Never within the recollection of most of us has Parliament presented an aspect so forlorn as that which it now wears. Where is the Ministerial programme of which we heard so much when the Session began? Where is the great Bill which was to complete the Irish policy of the Government, and to serve as a rallying cry at the General Election? Is it already dead, killed by the laughter of the Opposition at its first introduction, or is it waiting in a state of suspended animation to receive the formal *coup de grâce* from its unhappy parent? Nobody can answer these questions, and probably nobody cares even to consider them. The latest story current among the supporters of the Ministry is to the effect that, in obedience to the demands of the Labour party, the Government are about to throw overboard the programme of work with which they entered upon the Session, and to substitute for it some measures of social legislation, in the desperate hope of thereby winning the support of the working classes. We should hardly have thought a story so ridiculous worth mentioning if it had not been solemnly put forth in Conservative organs. That it should have been printed, and that some persons should believe it, can only serve to show how complete is the collapse of the House of Commons as well as that of its leader. Vigorous efforts, we are told, are being made to re-awaken the dormant enthusiasm of the Tory party. Mr. Balfour looks upon some of the defeats he has sustained as personal slights upon himself, and the word has gone forth that the Tory who fails to support him must be regarded as a traitor in the camp. Yet even the threats and admonitions of the Ministerialist press, backed up as they are by the Whips of the party, have failed to change the situation, and the Government flounders along with its once overwhelming majority reduced to a figure that threatens its speedy disappearance.

It is inevitable in these circumstances that speculation should once more centre upon the question of the date of the Dissolution. For our part, we have never wavered in the opinion we expressed some weeks ago, that the Dissolution ought to take place as soon as possible, and that it cannot be delayed more than a very few months. Liberals throughout the constituencies will do well to bear in mind that they are not likely to receive any long warning of the intentions of the Government, and it is quite upon the cards that within a few days of Easter the long-deferred appeal to the country will be made. In any case it will hardly be delayed beyond midsummer. True, Mr. Balfour talked in his airiest fashion on Thursday night of the Septennial Act, and seemed wishful to hint that Parliament might, an it would, live a twelvemonth longer; but this was simply the most transparent piece of "bluff," and can have deceived no one. It is amusing to observe the strenuous efforts which the supporters of the Government are making to keep up their spirits in the prospect of the impending battle. There is, for example, the Special Commissioner of the *Times*, who has been sent round the country to glean, if he can, a few crumbs of comfort for despairing Tories and Liberal Unionists. It must be confessed, to his credit, that the crumbs he has swept up in his survey of the constituencies are very few indeed. The most that he hopes for is the retention of power by the Tory party with a majority counted by units instead of by scores as at present; but anyone who has followed him in his investigation of the state of affairs in each particular constituency must be aware that his whole estimate is absurdly favourable to the party now in power. No doubt he has acted with a due sense of honesty, but he has not proved superior to the weakness which leads most men to listen to the story that best accords with their own sympathies and hopes. The result is, that his examination into the state of the constituencies must be regarded as the last effort of the Tory party to deceive itself into the belief that a crushing defeat at the General Election is not now inevitable. Liberals will find far more encouragement in his review than Tories are likely to obtain from it; and the high hopes with which they face the future will be not more materially lessened by the results of the *Times'* investigation into the state of public feeling throughout the country than they are likely to be by the twofold collapse of Mr. Balfour and the House of Commons.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVAL BUDGET.

IT is unfortunate that amid the maze of details which the presentation of our Naval Budget involves it is almost impossible for the uninstructed public to fix and hold its attention on the vital points of the controversy. Thanks to Mr. Goschen's new system of ordinary and extraordinary, local and Imperial, annual and fixed Budgets, it is becoming more and more difficult to say of our financial system that it ails precisely here or there. The policy of muddlement was never more conspicuously illustrated than on Monday night, when Lord George Hamilton was supposed to explain the precise manner in which the Naval Defence Act of 1889 has affected our naval administration. It is doubtful whether, even in spite of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's searching and instructed criticism, any member of the House outside the body of naval specialists was very much the wiser. Happily, enough was said in the course of the debate, and said without effectual reply from the First Lord, to show that that confusing, unconstitutional, and ill-digested scheme has absolutely failed of its purpose. At the time of its introduction there was practically no measure to the good we were led to expect from it. It was to secure continuity of naval policy, a continuity, by the way, to be purchased at the trifling cost of the loss or, at all events, the abatement of effectual Parliamentary control of the service; the rate of production of all classes of war vessels was to be enormously quickened; we were to have no more delays or failures or vessels laid for year after year on the stocks; a patriot Government was to provide a patent renewable navy at a cost of twenty millions or so, and, by 1894 or 1895, our superiority at sea to any other two (or was it three?) naval Powers was to be placed beyond cavil.

And now what are the facts? Precisely what might have been, and, as a matter of fact, was anticipated. The Naval Defence Act was, to a large extent, a fraud upon the public, for from the first it provided an artificial, rather than a genuine, change of method. It was idle to suppose that an unreformed naval and dockyard administration would produce any better results by charging a portion of its cost on the Consolidated Fund, and by largely removing its programme from the annual criticism of Parliament, than the old system of an annual provision both of men and of material. As a matter of fact all the old defects have reappeared. The boilers will not work, the new ships do not keep their trial speeds, the old ones go aground, the dockyards produce no substantial increase of output, and all the time arrangements of Lord George Hamilton have fallen to pieces. Under the Naval Defence Act ten millions were to be spent on thirty-two contract vessels, which were all to be completed in three years and a half, that is to say by the end of March, 1892. But, as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre pointed out, we have now virtually at the end of the term expended only £5,924,000 instead of nine millions odd, for which we were to have shown good value. In other words, the ships are a full year and a half behind time, and when they have received the finishing touches at the dockyards they will have taken six years to build in place of three and a half —that is to say nearly double the estimated period. The dockyard ships do not show a very much better record. The stipulated time will certainly be exceeded by at least a year and a half, and practically, therefore, we are as we were. The dockyards have found it impossible, as all the critics of the Naval Defence Act predicted, to complete a large tale of vessels at one and the same time. We are practically, therefore, under a brand new scheme of naval administration, in the same position as we were before Mr. Goschen and Lord George Hamilton undertook to save the country. We have the same perpetual vacillation between monster ironclads and fast cruisers, and between the large and little building of torpedo-boats, and practically between all the moot points in naval construction. This year we shall only be able to build three ironclads, and the earlier notion of taking over the fastest food-carrying ships from the mercantile marine, at the best a very doubtful policy, is in abeyance. Specialist critics were agreed that the Navy was undermanned, that the engineers and warrant-officers were gravely discontented, and that we were especially scanted of our proper quota of lieutenants. Really it did not appear on Monday night that the seven-year policy, administered by the same men and on the same methods as its predecessor, had altogether revolutionised the Navy.

The most damaging criticism of the Naval Defence Act was involved in the falsification of the prediction that under it we were rapidly to outdistance the naval output of our rivals. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre stated, without challenge from the First Lord, that the relative position of the English and French navies three years after the passage of the Naval Defence Act was practically identical with what it was in 1889. It is possible that we may have slightly quickened up our rate of production, but, if this is the case, France has done the same, and the inevitable result of a showy, ambitious, and practically inefficient policy has been to set up a sort of general construction fever abroad. It is precisely here that the folly of sensational increases of armaments comes in. In the long run, no relative superiority of strength is gained. All rich and warlike nations follow suit, and the final result is merely the withdrawal of a fresh stock of men and money from industry in favour of the detestable business of war preparation. We quicken the pace—or, rather, seem to do so, for other nations follow suit—and our nicest calculations of a navy equal to that of two or three or four of our rivals are always being defeated by the obvious fact that as we build all the other Powers build too. Had there been any visible sign that the Naval Defence Act had in any way screwed up the efficiency of our naval machine, there would have been at least one solid argument in its favour. But all the exposures of Monday night told in exactly the opposite direction. Mr. Forwood, confronted with accumulated proof that our constructors had been building boilers for our high-speed vessels totally inadequate to their tasks, seemed to think it sufficient to explain the system under which this cardinal error was made. There was, he said, an essential difference between the possibilities of speed in war-vessels and in merchant-ships. He omitted, however, to tell the House why the boiler-makers had failed to consider this very elementary fact, or why their superiors furnished them with designs which totally ignored it. The whole business is a scandal for which no rational excuse has been offered. The moral of the controversy is clear. You can only reform the Navy in one way, and that way is clearly not to release the authors of an endless muddle from one jot or tittle of the responsibility which Parliament and the people rightly require of them.

THE STRIKE AND THE STOPPAGE.

THE strike of the Durham miners is a more serious, difficult, and threatening affair than the week's "play" upon which the General Federation of Miners has determined, and which

came into full force last Monday. But it is a more usual phenomenon, and has, therefore, naturally enough, excited less interest. The "play," or "stoppage," is not like ordinary strikes. Indeed, it is hardly a strike at all. It is the practical adoption of an economic theory, and economists, whether they believe in the theory or not, should be the last persons to denounce the experiment. The colliers of Northumberland, and Yorkshire, and Staffordshire proclaim, almost ostentatiously, that they have no quarrel with their employers. On the contrary, they declare that they have acted in their employers' interest. Admitting that under present conditions higher wages cannot be paid out of the profits received, they propose that the profits shall be increased at the expense of the landlord, the middleman, and the general public. They contend that over-production has artificially lowered prices, and that prices can be artificially brought up again if production be temporarily checked. This is a plausible argument, and cannot be met by vague abuse of the tyranny of labour. The practice is not inconsistent with the average standard of commercial morality, and it is much less injurious to society than the formation of those "rings" and "corners" in which speculative capitalists engage without reproach. As we pointed out a fortnight ago, facts and figures are rather on the side of the men than otherwise; for while the output of coal has enormously increased within the last ten days in England, Scotland, and Wales, the amount of coal exported from the United Kingdom has declined, and the iron trade is inactive. Nor are the panic which the threatened stoppage caused, and the famine prices which accompanied it, any answer to the miners' plea. For the panic was unreasonable, and subsided almost as rapidly as it had arisen. And the increase, which so grievously afflicted the poor in the late inclement weather, went into the pockets not of the coal merchants but of the middlemen who take such a large toll upon industry under the present imperfect system of distribution. The miners have, however, made two mistakes. They have struck upon a falling trade, and they have forgotten that an effect ceases with its cause. Commercial depression enables manufacturers to curtail their supplies of fuel, and when the men return to work, prices will come down with a rush. Over-production is an evil which soon cures itself. The spasmodic cessation of labour has only temporary consequences, and the further the pendulum is withdrawn from the one hand, the greater will be the rebound on the other.

The case of the Durham Coal-owners' Association has been very clearly and temperately put forward by the secretary, Mr. Reginald Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie shows that in August, 1889, there was an advance of 10 per cent. in the wages of the Durham miners; that another 10 per cent. was added in December, 1889; 5 per cent. in March, 1890; and 5 per cent. in January, 1891. The total thus reached is described by Mr. Guthrie as being 35 per cent. above "what are called standard rates," meaning apparently the rates which would have been the result of the old sliding scale. After some parleying the Associated Miners agreed to accept an immediate reduction of 10 per cent., or to lay the whole circumstances before an arbitrator and let him say what the wages ought to be. This offer was refused, and the final terms of the masters were that the immediate diminution should be 7½ per cent., or in the alternative 5 per cent. at once, and 5 per cent. on the 1st of May. The miners, however, declined to accept any loss at all, and so the strike began. While they are, of course, acting entirely within their rights, and while the facts seem to have been laid quite fairly before the men by their representatives for ballot, the conduct of the Association was reasonable, and is not open to censure. The fact is, that if the coal trade were entirely confined to those who dig the coal and those who pay them for digging it, things would go smoothly enough. It is the owners of royalties, the owners of wayleaves, and the distributors of the commodity, who bring up the cost of coal until either profits or wages, or both, have to be cut down. The special correspondent of the *Daily News* thus explains a wayleave. "Some poor woman in eastern London, shivering with cold and having a few coppers left, wants to buy a pound of coal at the frightful rate of three shillings a hundredweight. A coal-owner in Yorkshire wants to sell it. First comes the coal-owner's landlord, and levies his toll upon the sixteen ounces of coal, sending up the price thereof with a leap and a bound. But on the route from the pit to the railway station, on the public high road, there intervenes the estate of a second lord of the soil, and of all that is beneath it. Before that wretched pound of coal reaches East London it must pass over or through the second lord's estate . . . and there stands Lord No. 2 in the path, his palm held out for his money." That is a highly picturesque and rhetorical statement, no doubt. But the grievances which it paints in such high colours are genuine, and call loudly for redress. Whether the ultimate rights over minerals should be left in private hands, uncontrolled by the community, is a very grave question indeed.

MR. GOSCHEN ON HIS DEFENCE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer attended a meeting at Holloway on Tuesday evening to support the candidature of Mr. Richard Chamberlain for West Islington, but all, apparently, he could find to say on that subject was that he constantly saw Mr. Chamberlain in the division lobby voting with the Government. Quickly dropping an ungrateful task, he spoke at great length in defence of his own financial policy against the criticism of Mr. Fowler. Beginning with the conversion of the National Debt, he boasted that it had practically reduced the liabilities of the country by £100,000,000. That, of course, is only a sensational way of putting the matter; what the Chancellor of the Exchequer really has done is to reduce the interest on the Debt from 3 per cent. to 2¾ per cent. for fifteen years, and after that time to 2½ per cent. Then he went on to say that his critics regarded it as a kind of crime to have lowered the charge for the Debt. Mr. Goschen misunderstands—we will not say misrepresents—the contention of his opponents. Everyone has been agreed for years that it was the duty of the Government to convert. Mr. Childers, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, attempted to do so, but was defeated by the hostility of the City. When, however, the Conservatives came into power the City enthusiastically supported Mr. Goschen's conversion scheme, and in consequence it was carried through. He is to be congratulated on his good fortune in so easily getting the support of bankers and brokers. None of his opponents deny that; but what they maintain is that his plan was a bad one, that it has inflicted loss upon the fundholders, and helped immensely to foster that spirit of gambling which ended in the Baring crisis. And that the contention is right is proved by the simple fact that the 2¾ per Cents., which were accepted at par for the old 3 per Cents., have since averaged in value only about 95; that is to say, the fundholder by the conversion has lost one-sixth of his annual interest and at the same time fully 5 per cent. of his capital. Now it is surely a

false way of benefiting the taxpayer to depreciate the credit of the country and the prosperity of the fundholders. The fundholders as a body are a very important portion of the taxpayers, and it is a very equivocal way of giving them relief to reduce their taxation by a minute fraction, but to lower the value of their property by fully 5 per cent.

It has been Mr. Goschen's good fortune to hold office during a period of great national prosperity. Year after year trade expanded and speculation became more and more rampant. Therefore the taxes proved more and more productive and revenue considerably exceeded expenditure. The consequent surpluses enabled Mr. Goschen to make large remittances in taxation. Even he himself admits that this was the main cause why he has been able to relieve the taxpayer, but he puts forward a claim at the same time that he was assisted by the wise policy pursued by the Administration. As a matter of fact, the policy pursued by our Government has hardly affected the foreign situation. The fear of war has abated for some time past, chiefly because of the change that has taken place in the conduct of affairs in Germany, of the unreadiness of France, and of the general unwillingness of all the Powers to begin a war which in all probability must exceed in horror anything the world has yet seen. The more hopeful political prospect, however, has undoubtedly favoured Mr. Goschen's finance, as it helped the general improvement in trade. Mr. Goschen, of course, parades his remissions of taxation. But he is careful not to inform his audience how much he has added to the taxes, although he boasts of widening the financial basis of the country. If he had condescended to particulars, he could have shown how very little grounds there are for the boast. His new imposts have been vexatious in many instances, but individually they yield little. In no proper sense of the words, therefore, can they be held to have widened the financial basis of the country. Though he smarts under the charge of vacillation and flabbiness, these are exactly the characteristics of his finance. He shrank from attacking powerful interests, he refused to undertake the reform of the Death Duties—which would indeed have widened the financial basis of the country—and he contented himself with mere patching. More than this, he was able to reduce taxation so much as he has done only by decreasing the provisions that had previously been made for redeeming debt. The late Lord Iddesleigh, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, in a bolder and more statesmanlike spirit, Mr. Childers after him, recognised that it was the duty of a country in times of peace and prosperity to pay off debt rapidly and so strengthen the national credit. Accordingly, they induced Parliament to constitute a large Sinking Fund; but Mr. Goschen, desirous of winning a cheap reputation by remitting taxes, and afraid of arousing opposition by meddling with powerful interests, reduced that Sinking Fund by as much as two millions. When a Chancellor of the Exchequer is favoured by great national prosperity, and does not hesitate to tamper with the provisions made by his predecessors for redeeming debt, it is easy to secure surpluses and grant relief to the taxpayers.

Mr. Goschen repudiates indignantly the charge that he has given relief to the rates in the interest of house-owners and landlords. But indignation is not difficult of manufacture, neither does it make away with facts. Parliament had insisted that it was unfair to throw upon the occupiers of houses and lands the whole charge for the local government of the country, and that a change must be made. The change has been made in the very worst way possible—by handing over to the local authorities taxes previously raised for the State. It is quite clear that, though this may immediately benefit the ratepayer, it must ultimately, and in no very long time either, chiefly result in benefit to house-owners and landlords, for there is nothing to prevent them from raising rents at once where leases do not exist, and, where they do, then as soon as the leases expire. Manifestly, then, the Imperial doles to local taxation must result in benefit to the owners and landlords. The proper course would have been to impose upon the owners and landlords themselves a fair portion of local taxation. There are many ways in which this could be done. When Mr. Goschen's proposals were put forward several ways were pointed out. But there is one very obvious way, and that is by taxing ground rents. The Tory party, however, had no taste for taxing ground rents; it preferred to give covert relief to landlords under the pretence of lightening the burden upon the ratepayers. Clever as Mr. Goschen is at manipulating figures, and ingenious as he is in weaving specious arguments, he will hardly succeed in deluding the public into the belief that landlords will not be benefited by a plan which enables them to raise rents as fast as leases drop in.

MR. LABOUCHERE.

MR. LABOUCHERE must have rubbed his eyes in comical amazement last Saturday morning when he read in the *Times* a well-turned tribute to his own public services. Wherever else the Member for Northampton may have hoped to meet with recognition, it cannot have been in the journal to which he has been so long and so bitterly opposed. But it is only the unexpected which happens, and here, on a March morning in 1892, we find the *Times* calling attention to Mr. Labouchere's "zeal, industry, and courage," and declaring that by the services he has rendered to society he has earned the thanks of the community. And the tribute is in every respect well-merited. For many years past, as editor of *Truth*, Mr. Labouchere has been discharging a duty by his performance of which the community as a whole has benefited immensely. Again and again he has exposed scoundrels like the man Morland who was sent to penal servitude last week, and has thus rid the world of social pests of the worst description. He has done this duty, as the *Times* truly observes, at his own cost and risk. Again and again he has had to pay a heavy price for his attempt to serve his fellow-men. Some rogue whom he has attacked has proceeded against him for libel, and the case has fallen into the hands of one of those narrow-minded pedants of the bench to whom the letter of the law is more sacred than its spirit, and who are never so happy as when they are able to entrap a newspaper editor or proprietor in its meshes. It would be interesting to get from Mr. Labouchere a balance-sheet showing on the one side his expenditure in the campaign he has waged with so much vigour against rogues, and on the other the victories he has secured. We should then know something of the price which a courageous and public-spirited journalist has to pay before his services as a social benefactor are recognised by the *Times*.

But it is not of Mr. Labouchere's victories in *Truth* that we need speak here. It is Mr. Labouchere the politician about whom we are more immediately concerned. The position of few men in the political world has changed so completely as Mr. Labouchere's has done within recent years. Down to 1880 the

Member for Northampton was hardly taken seriously by anybody. He was a wit, a cynic, a *farceur*; his good sayings were on everybody's lips, and the last thing of which he was suspected by anybody was of a capacity for taking public affairs gravely. His witticisms, indeed, were so frequently directed against his own political associates that the world, which never understands paradox, could hardly believe that he was in earnest when he called himself a Liberal. He was "Labby" alike to the man in the street and the frequenter of the Lobby; his last good saying was in universal request, and when he rose to speak there was an eager rush on the part of those who knew that they were about to be amused. But that he should ever take a serious place in the political world seemed to enter into no man's mind. How it has happened we hardly know, for the change has been a very gradual one. But the fact is indisputable that the Member for Northampton has effected an astounding change in his position in politics. Without ceasing to be a cynic or a wit, he has secured recognition as a serious politician, and to-day he stands prominent, if not pre-eminent, among those men below the gangway who have established their claim to a place in the next Liberal Administration.

There was a time when the notion of Mr. Labouchere as a Minister of the Crown would have filled even many good Liberals with dismay. But that time is past. He has been longer, it is true, than most men in sowing the wild oats of an exuberant fancy, an audacious wit, and a reckless gaiety of heart. He has retained his youthfulness of spirits at an age when most persons are settling down to the dull repose of maturity. But the fact remains that the wild oats are sown, and that the Mr. Labouchere of to-day is a man not only of uncompromising honesty, but of sober and settled convictions; who has learned not only what ought to be done in the field of politics, but what can be done; and who, in fertility of resource and capacity as a Parliamentary tactician, has hardly a superior in the present House of Commons. It will be well if those Liberals who, remembering only his earlier exploits and reputation, still imagine that the Member for Northampton is nothing more than the cynical jester whose sayings are the delight of club smoking-rooms, would realise this fact. Just as the *Times* has at length taken Mr. Labouchere seriously as a social reformer and benefactor, so our politicians will have to take him seriously as one of themselves. To adopt a phrase dear to the soul of Sir William Harcourt, he has at last "arrived."

As to his position in the next Liberal Government we know nothing, and, to be quite frank, we care as little. It is quite possible that Mr. Labouchere himself may in the end determine that a position of independence is that which is best suited to his temperament, and that he will prefer to remain outside the Government rather than subject himself to the restraints of Ministerial responsibility. But if he should think otherwise, there need be no uneasiness on the part of cautious Liberals as to the office which would "suit" him. The man who has shown the "zeal, industry, and courage" with which the *Times* credits him in hunting down so many of our social pests, who has shown also so much discretion and sound judgment in the mode in which he has conducted this war against the enemies of society, who has never been accused of self-seeking, and whose honesty is as unimpeachable as his ability, may surely be as easily suited in the new Administration as any one of the score of professional politicians to whom gossip is already so busily assigning their future *rôles*.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WITH the approach of spring comes a fresh set of warlike rumours, all, it is to be hoped, as baseless as usual. Thus there have been renewed announcements of the concentration of Russian troops on the frontiers of Prussian Poland and Galicia—rumours which have had their effect on the Vienna Bourse, and have been contradicted by the correspondent in that city of the *Times*. Except in France, the week has not been remarkable. Generally, the Legislatures of Europe are busy with important but not specially exciting work. Paris, however, has seen two unsuccessful dynamite explosions.

On Friday evening last week a dynamite bomb was deposited on the first floor of No. 136, Boulevard St. Germain. On the fourth floor lives M. Benoit, formerly a *juge d'instruction*, and now a member of the Court of Appeal. Presumably the bomb was meant for him; but though the house was seriously damaged—the first floor and the *entresol* being practically wrecked—his apartments suffered little. In the small hours of Tuesday morning, however, a bomb was placed on the sill of a window at the back of the Lobau barracks, near the Hôtel de Ville, which contain 800 of the Garde Républicaine. It is suspected that this was meant for the Préfecture of Police. The perpetrators, however, were not captured: it is doubtful if they were even seen. The chief damage done is to the thirteenth century windows of the neighbouring church of St. Gervais. Naturally, search warrants have been issued, and the lodgings of a number of the known Anarchists of Paris have been visited, especially in St. Denis, St. Ouen, and Pantin, and some arrests have been made. A fourth attempt was made on Wednesday evening on the Santé prison, but the bomb was discovered in time. Moreover, a Bill has been hastily drafted imposing the penalty of death on dynamiters. There is, however, less panic than might be supposed, considering that the last explosion is the third within a month, the house of the Princesse de Sagan having been injured, presumably by mistake for the neighbouring Spanish Embassy, on February 23rd. Of course the explosion has been made the most of by the anti-Republican press. Probably, it is Anarchist. One view, favoured by the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, is that it marks a deep political design, either to discredit the Republic or to restore M. Constans to office.

The Chamber, meanwhile, has been busy with the reform of Courts of Conciliation, the Senate with the decentralisation of French University education. The Government propose to create Universities—*i.e.*, groups of Faculties—in the great provincial towns. They are to have legal personality—in order that they may receive gifts and legacies—and to have a certain local character. In the South, for instance, there may be a Chair of Provençal; in Bordeaux, one of Viticulture. The single Faculties in various towns, which are practically professional schools, are to continue. For their sakes, chiefly, the Bill has been opposed—particularly by M. Challemel-Lacour, in a lengthy and elaborate speech on Monday—since they can hardly compete with the new Universities. As, however, the Rectors, the staff, and the bulk of the funds of these institutions are still to be provided by the Minister of Public Instruction, the reform is more apparent than real. Still, high authorities—*e.g.*, M. Ernest Lavisse—accept it gladly as a step in decentralisation. But the measure seems unlikely to pass.

A strongly worded appeal to working-class electors to make short work of Opportunism in the municipal elections of May 1st has been issued by the Marxist Socialists. The first signatures are those of MM. Lafargue and Jules Guesde.

The *Intransigeant* is to be prosecuted for insulting the Procureur de la République in connection with the Laur-Constans affair. The case will be heard

next Friday. The troubles of Mr. Purdie and his brother, who were locked up for four days on a charge of pocket-picking, have received such detailed treatment in the daily papers that they need not be mentioned here, except as an item in a series of charges against the Paris police.

The Central Committee of the Belgian Chamber has adopted, under reserve as to the preliminary Referendum, the Government proposals on the subject. The Government, however, will decline to modify its views. Attempts at dynamite outrages are reported from Liège and Brussels.

The terrible explosion in a coal-mine at Anderlues, near Mons, in Belgium, has resulted in 153 deaths, including a number of women. The work of rescue was stopped last Saturday by the pit catching fire. Among the subscriptions to the relief fund is one of 5,000 francs from the Paris Municipal Council.

The illness of the German Emperor at the beginning of the week has given rise to alarming reports, among them that Prince Henry of Prussia was hastily preparing for his duties as Regent. However, the Emperor has nothing worse than a cold. The Reichstag has been dealing with the Alsace-Lorraine (State of Siege) Bill, the severe measure which we mentioned last week, and which is now stated to be based solely on military considerations, and with the Bill for Insurance against Sickness, which appears to be a mass of the elaborate regulations so dear to Prussian officialism. The Prussian Government are expected to announce their intentions on the Primary Schools Bill in a few days. Meanwhile, the Social Democrats have won a seat in the Reichstag, replacing a Conservative, and defeating a National Liberal and an Anti-Semite.

In accordance with the agreement we referred to last week between the Duke of Cumberland and the Prussian Government, a Bill has been introduced into the Prussian Legislature empowering the King to remove the sequestration on the property of the ex-Kings of Hanover. The form of this arrangement has further irritated the Liberal party, who would have preferred a formal Appropriation Bill. At any rate, one of the worst of Bismarckian institutions is now finally disposed of. Some curiosity is expressed as to the payment of the legacies, amounting in all to £900,000, due to our own Royal Family under the will of the last King of Hanover.

The crisis in Norway has for the present been averted. The Norwegian Storthing had insisted that the question of separate consulates abroad for Norway was a purely Norwegian question: King Oscar (following a clause in the Constitution) had maintained that it must be decided by the Swedish Ministry, *plus* three Norwegian Ministers; even the Radical press of Sweden had violently attacked the Norwegians, and hinted at a possible occupation of Norway by Swedish troops; and the Norwegian Ministry had resolved to resign and appeal to the people. However, the King has consented to the submission of the report of the Cabinet to the Storthing, appending to it a statement of his own aims. The Cabinet has appended a protest to the statement, and the crisis is postponed for a time.

In Italy the progress of the debate on the revised Budget estimates has brought out both the miscalculations of the Government—there are 30,000,000 francs to be provided for beyond the estimates, and no new tax is to be imposed—and the weakness of the Extreme Left. Signor Cavallotti's attempt to form a new group out of that party is violently resented by Irreconcilables like Signor Imbriani, and has been implicitly censured by a resolution of the Republican Congress held at Rome on Sunday. A factitious importance has been given to this Congress by the confiscation of a number of newspapers for reporting it. There is no doubt that the Government will have a large majority. Serious floods are reported from Rome and Florence.

The proposals for a "compromise" between the Czechs and Germans in Bohemia have been referred to a committee of the Bohemian Landtag. It seems doubtful if they will ever get any further. A Conference of bishops has just discussed Socialism, apparently with no particular result. The inquiry into the proposed reform of the currency is closed. The gold standard will certainly be adopted, the half-gulden being probably the unit. The position of silver in the new scheme is quite unsettled. The wholesale murderer, Schneider, was strangled on Thursday with every circumstance of barbarity, and only by the efforts of three men for four minutes.

In Russia the failure of the Jewish banking firm of Günzburg—"the Rothschilds of Russia"—is attributed to political causes. The firm, it is said, had offended the Government by their resistance to the persecution of the Jews. Their *employés* had therefore been interfered with, and sugar factories in which they were interested had been compelled to stop; and temporary aid, conceded by the Minister of the Government, had been peremptorily refused by the Czar. Speculations by the Paris branch are also spoken of. However, the firm's assets may more than cover its liabilities; but they are locked up in estates, and unrealisable at present.

M. Shishmanoff, the Russian agent who is supposed to have directed the murder of M. Vulkovitch, has escaped from Constantinople to Odessa—it is said, through the interference of the Russian Government on his arrest by the Turkish authorities.

King Milan is prepared to resign his rights as a member of the Royal House of Servia, his right to supervise his son's education, even his Servian citizenship, in exchange for a grant of two million francs from the Skuptschina. He engages only to visit his son if the latter is seriously ill and if he is invited jointly by the Regents and the Skuptschina. Even in this case he is only to remain during the illness. A Bill embodying these terms has passed the Skuptschina. Servia is well rid of its ex-King; but there can be few cases in history of so complete and so discreditable an abdication.

A new Chilian Cabinet has been formed. Señor Uriburu has declined the office of *ad interim* Minister of Finance in Argentina. Still, the prospect there is decidedly brightening.

THE UNITY OF LONDON.

AFTER every considerable conflict, even a military conflict, some little time is needed before we can gauge its bearing on the combatant parties, or the degree to which it has modified their previous position. Especially is that so in the case of a civil conflict which has taken place in a vast community of very multifarious composition, to which such events are almost new, and in which new forces of great though unknown strength have been called into action. It may, then, be not wholly without interest if one who has watched it closely, and has taken some part in it, tries to put together, in a somewhat more methodical way than has hitherto been done, a bundle of impressions as to the causes of an event which to the richer districts of London has been unexpected and startling; as to its significance in the present; and its possible effect on the future. It is, indeed, too risky to do this with a free hand, because we have yet to see the working of the great machine which has just been readjusted; but it is impossible to avoid speculation even with imperfect materials; and every attempt to put the materials in order helps to clear the way to an understanding of the position, and so to a definite line of action in the present and the immediate future. I will first state the main causes which have favoured the victory of the Progressive party in municipal affairs.

So far as these causes consist of electoral machinery, I touch them very lightly. Doubtless there has been excellent work done by the Liberal and Radical Unions, and by the Fabian Society, through laborious and persevering efforts, and by newspapers such as the *Star*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Pall*

Mall Gazette. Doubtless also the artisans' societies have supplied effective machinery, as well as forces of a more spiritual nature. Neither do I doubt that it is impossible to win an electoral victory among large multitudes of men without good machinery; especially when one's opponents start with every kind of social and political advantage: money, rank, possession of official posts, the support of a powerful press, and the facility of combination which comes with all these things, in addition to a well-tried machinery for the specific purpose of elections. But however good a machine is, it will not turn out much product unless there is a strong driving force to work it; and this force—call it social, moral, spiritual, or what you like—consists in the feelings, convictions, and aspirations of mankind. I prefer to call it a spiritual force, because, even when it is directed to the improvement of material conditions, and even when it works through the medium of the machinery of which I have been speaking, it arises in the individual mind, and is dependent on the strength of individual convictions. What have been the forces behind the Progressive party? What forces have impelled the several unions and papers to make such efforts, and other people to respond to them?

First of these spiritual or non-mechanical facts, I rank the grand and animated ideal of the unity of London, placed before Londoners by the noble courage and public spirit of Mr. Beal and Mr. Firth, who just lived to enter into the Promised Land, and by a number of their less-known fellow-workers in the cause of London Municipal Reform. As long as the idea was presented only to the high-placed and wealthy members of London society, it was treated as purely visionary. The Royal Commission which reported in the year 1854 disposed of it partly by an epigram, saying that London was not a town, but a province covered with houses, and partly by reference to the lamentable fact—as though it were not something due to the neglect of man, but an unalterable provision of nature—that the different parts of London, being distant and populous, knew nothing of one another. This is not the place to fight battles over again, or to show the ways in which these fallacies were exposed, and the truth that London is essentially one community of human beings, which ought to have an organic Government of its own, was established. Suffice it to say that, after a while, we found that no topic was more eagerly seized by our audiences than that of the unity of London. It may seem strange to the upper ten thousand, who live in the pleasantest parts of the town, and who, after all, are hardly Londoners, for they run away to their pleasant rural homes, where their interests are, directly they have earned their money or have had their amusement, as the case may be—it may seem strange to them that the small shopkeeper or artisan should have his imagination fired with the greatness of London and with the idea of making all its parts work together for the good of the whole. Nevertheless, I state the facts as they have shown themselves to my eyes. I believe that this ideal has become part of the minds of the multitudes of Londoners; that it is now an assumed premiss in their reasoning; that it has played the principal part, whether consciously or unconsciously, in their recent action; and that it is destined not to decay, but to grow and to produce more and more good fruit.

It would perhaps be more logical if I were to put the next consideration merely as flowing from the idea of the unity of London, but it has received such prominence and so much separate treatment that I class it as a separate force. Among the many bad results of London anarchy I think the most disastrous is the existence of rich and poor quarters. That the pleasantest places should be inhabited by those who can afford the price, and the less pleasant by those who cannot, is, I suppose, inevitable. But when a town is one, and its Governing Body are responsible to its inhabitants, there is some equality in the distribution of its common burdens and of the advantages got by its common expenditure. London was not one, but had been allowed to grow up under the old parochial system. We had parishes where there were very few rich and multitudes of poor; and, again, parishes where there were many rich and comparatively few poor. There was the necessary mutual interdependence of rich and poor. The wealthy man of Belgravia would find life very uncomfortable if it were not for the labour of poor men dwelling in Lambeth or in Spitalfields. But when these poor men passed the border of pauperism, near to which they constantly dwelt, the burden of supporting them did not fall on Belgravia. And if there were questions of some improvement or amenity to be provided for London, it was, in the absence of a common representation, unavoidable that the richer parts, which were more in evidence, better known to the governing classes, and better able to speak for themselves in the press and elsewhere, should be first and best served. Palliatives to this scandalous, and even dangerous, state of things had been sought by reforming vestries, by establishing some common funds for the poor, by setting up a common Board of Works and a common School Board. Volunteer societies, such as Toynbee Hall, of men in easy circumstances established "missions" in the less-favoured regions of London; but these things were quite inadequate. The civic jurisdiction of the various bodies was too limited, and their constitution was not satisfactory. There was only one remedy, and that was to create a Corporation of the ordinary English type, elected direct by the inhabitants of all London from areas approximately equal in population, and to invest it with the ordinary functions of a municipality. The Corporation was framed in 1888 on a satisfactory basis, but its powers fell far short of those wielded by other towns. Men's desire to redress the long neglect of past times remained unsatisfied, and they were determined that it should be satisfied. Whether the use still made of the contrast between the poor and rich quarters of London is quite justifiable I am not sure, because I am disposed to think that this department of action is the one in which the Act of 1888 is the least defective, and that the Council may do, and indeed have done, much under their existing powers. But when men have demanded an instrument and have got half of it and are flatly refused the other half, they do not stop for a careful analysis of the case; they go on demanding the whole on the old grounds. And I feel sure that this contrast between the rich and poor parts of the town played as prominent a part in 1892 as it did before 1888, and, indeed, that it was emphasised by at least one of the more specific issues.

The next great force was derived from the sense that the men sent to the Council in 1889 had three years of admirable work to show. Their integrity was above all suspicion, though not free from the slanderous tongues of those who would leave not Lancelot brave nor Galahad pure. The zeal, industry, energy, and capacity with which they discharged their administrative duties was unexampled in London affairs. They had taken every reasonable opportunity of pressing for a full Municipal Government. Moreover, they made it clear that a Governing Body sent direct from the inhabitants of the whole area of London will do what never was done, or could have been done, under the old parochial system. They directed the forces of London Government where they were most wanted: to the most neglected and helpless classes and quarters. All this justified the ideal of the municipal reformers, and gave confidence that the more complete it was made the better it would be for London. There were, of course, specific issues about water, police, and other matters. The only one I will dwell on here is the local taxation of owners as distinguished from occupiers. This is not the place to argue the right or wrong of that question. The point is that its existence certainly gave great animation to the Progressives, and

probably kept back members of the Tory Party from voting with the Reactionaries. I looked at several addresses of Reactionary candidates, including a paper issued by the Ratepayers' Defence League, containing reasons for voting against Progressives. Not one of them said frankly that the present system of local taxation is right, and ought not to be altered. They all rode off under the pretence that it is the business of Parliament, and not of the London Council, to deal with such matters. Of course, all Londoners know that if their representatives do not stir in the matter, Parliament will not stir. The immense majority, whether Tories or Liberals, have made up their minds that there ought to be a reform of the system. They have not relished the attacks made on the Council for demanding that reform. They have considered the action taken by the Reactionary candidates to be disingenuous. And they have considered that the appearance of landowners under the name of a Ratepayers' Defence League adds just the touch of ridicule which makes a cause absolutely insupportable.

There is yet another force which must be mentioned as highly operative in this contest—the force of repulsion and revolt against the insolent brutality of the Tory press. I will not now go into details on the subject; I have written about it in THE SPEAKER once before, and have treated it at greater length in the *Contemporary Review* for this month of March. It is now a matter of common knowledge all over London, that from the moment when it was found that Londoners had had the audacity to elect Liberals and not Tories, the Tory press opened the sluices of foul language and slander which were never closed till the elections of the 5th. In the course of a long life I have never known anything like it.

Well, such attempts at suppression of good work by slander always have one result, if only time enough is given for it. They create intense resentment in the minds of those who are favourable to the attacked party, and intense disgust in the minds of that large number of men who wish their business to be well served, and are waiting to see whether it is so or not. The men who have been singled out as the objects of the most vicious and pertinacious attacks, who would have been hounded out of public life if the Tory press could have done it—I refer to Mr. Charles Harrison, Mr. MacDougall, and Mr. Parkinson—have emerged from the contest with overwhelming majorities. The disfavour shown to the struggling young body was not confined to the Tory press. Her Majesty's Ministers, and under their direction the Houses of Parliament, have not only refused it assistance, but have snubbed and thwarted it. They have pretended that London is a county such as Somersetshire, and not a city such as it is. In its false character of a county they have kept it subject to petty, hampering restrictions. They have put the elections at a time of the year calculated to cripple the large Parliamentary business of the Council, and to introduce confusion into its finances. By refusing to give it such powers as are necessary for working the question of water supply, they have wasted three precious years, to the serious detriment of Londoners. Even in the courts of law the Council has received very hard treatment. Lawyers and judges may refine and distinguish as much as they like, but mankind at large cannot be persuaded that a body has fair play whose members, in the course of one and the same business, are held to be judges when that character hampers their action, and not to be judges when that character would confer an immunity upon them.

If the foregoing diagnosis be nearly right, the main causes of the Progressive victory are as follows:—The growing resolution of Londoners to make London a great city; their desire to redress long neglect of its poorer classes and quarters; their appreciation of honest, able work done for three years; their resentment at brutal insolence and slander directed against praiseworthy men, and their love of fair play from public agencies, whether it be Ministries, or that impersonal thing the law. The effects of these elections must be the subject of a further paper.

HOBHOUSE.

SIBERIA.—II.*

EXILE by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the Empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities which in most civilised countries precede the deprivation of rights and the restriction of personal liberty. This has existed for a long time, but has become much more common of late years. It is manifestly the most convenient method for a despotic government, as it prevents the publicity which must attend even the most carefully arranged trial. It also has the advantage of being carried out with exceeding quietness, so that even the suspected person's relatives may not know for many months what has become of him. It was by administrative process that Madame Tsebrikova was exiled for venturing to send to the Tzar an earnest and respectful letter of remonstrance. Mr. Kennan gives many instances of the almost grotesque cruelty in which the Government indulge in this matter of administrative process. So reckless has the mode of carrying it out been that in 1880 a Commission was appointed to investigate the cases of persons who had been exiled to Siberia or to remote parts of European Russia and put under police surveillance by administrative process. There were then said to be 2,800 persons in this position. Up to the 23rd of January, 1881, the Commission had examined into 650 cases, and had recommended that 328, or more than half of them, should be immediately released and returned to their homes.

A typical instance is that of Egór Lázaref (vol i., p. 268), who was arrested in one of the south-eastern provinces of European Russia in the year 1874, on the charge of carrying on a secret revolutionary propaganda. He was kept in solitary confinement for about four years, and then tried and acquitted. As soon as he was released he was sent as a soldier to a regiment engaged in active service in the Trans-Caucasus. When he had completed his time in the Army, he re-commenced his education in the University, studied law, and began to practise in the City of Sarátof. In the summer of 1884 he was suddenly informed that he was to be exiled by administrative process to Eastern Siberia for three years. No reason was given him. He was sent to the Moscow Forwarding Prison, where he had to stay until the following spring, and he wrote a respectful letter to the Department of Imperial Police, asking, as a favour, that he might be informed for what reason he was to be exiled to Eastern Siberia. He received a reply in two lines:—"You are to be put under police surveillance in Eastern Siberia because you have not abandoned your previous criminal activity." In other words, he was to be punished because he had not abandoned the previous criminal activity of which a court of justice had found him not guilty. After twenty-two weeks of travel he reached the town of Chita, in far Eastern Siberia, and there Mr. Kennan made his acquaintance. I am glad to be able to add that he has since escaped to the United States.

But this is only one of a great number of instances which are given in these volumes of the unparalleled injustice with which persons who venture to have independent thought are treated in Russia.

In the fourteenth chapter of vol. i., on "The Life of Political Exiles," will be found an interesting account of one who has since escaped from captivity and is now resident in London—the Russian author, Felix Volkhovsky—who, after seven years of solitary

* Siberia and the Exile System. By George Kennan. Two vols. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

confinement, was banished to Siberia for life upon the charge of "belonging to a society that intends at a more or less remote time in the future to overthrow the existing form of Government."

In the second chapter of the second volume Mr. Kennan gives very full details of the working of "police surveillance" in Siberia. He prints the code of rules applying to those political exiles who have been sent there without trial. In reading them it must always be borne in mind that these exiles are usually persons of high education and belonging to the wealthier and more refined of the Russian people. There are few examples of self-sacrifice in history so extraordinary as this of the Russian reformers. Young men and women who have everything to lose which is ordinarily considered to make life desirable, and whose one object is the freedom of their people, voluntarily and cheerfully face the terrible fate which must sooner or later overtake them, in the noble endeavour to obtain for their land those political rights which freer nations have so long enjoyed. The fate of an exile is at the best a sad one; at the worst it is so bad that the heart grows sick at the bare recital of its cruelties and indignities. It is worse than any death, and suicide is often resorted to as the only means of escape.

Exiles are allowed about 12s. 6d. a month from the Government, and that is really not sufficient for the barest essentials of life. They must therefore work. They are frequently University men who know many languages, skilful physicians and surgeons, photographers, journalists, accountants, musicians, or the like, but they are not permitted to exercise any vocation in which their gifts would be of any use. The Governor-General has, indeed, power to grant permission to engage in business, but it is frequently withheld, and several instances are given where exiles who petitioned for leave to teach music, for instance, were told that they might hire themselves out to the Kirghis, who paid from five to seven cents a day for labourers.

The rules are severe, and they are severely enforced. On one occasion a young surgeon of great ability was asked in a case of life and death to extract a ball from the wife of the Mayor of Tiukalinsk, a prominent and wealthy merchant. The lady had been accidentally shot in the leg, and the wound was a dangerous one. The regular physician begged for the assistance of the young surgeon. The Mayor urged him in common humanity to perform the operation. He did so, successfully. It came to the knowledge of the authorities. They arrested and threw him into prison, where he contracted typhus fever whilst he was lying awaiting his trial. Great sympathy was shown to him by the people of the town, and the Governor ordered him to be sent at once to another town. He was so weak that he could not stand. His wife resisted the attempt to remove him. She was tied hand and foot, and her husband, clothed only in a night-shirt, was carried out in a sheet and put into a cart, and so, ill as he was, was carted for 126 miles, and then for the first time was he allowed to be taken to a hospital. He owed his life to the charity of an onlooker who covered him with a sheep-skin.

And this is nothing extraordinary.

Dr. Martinof had five years added to his term of exile because he went outside the limits of the town he was living in to render urgently needed medical assistance to a patient who had been attacked by a bear, and whose life was in extreme danger as the result of deep wounds and broken bones. There was no other surgeon who could do the work.

Indeed, the Medical Society of the City of Tver memorialised the Minister of the Interior that the large number of physicians and medical students who were living in that part of the Empire under sentence of banishment might be allowed to practise, because there was an urgent need of trained medical officers. For sending this memorial the Society was closed and forbidden to hold further meetings, and two of its members, who were in the service of the State as surgeons in the hospital, were dismissed.

But to illustrate the studied barbarity of the exile system, both as applied to ordinary convicts and to political suspects, and the evil effects of forced colonisation (an integral part of that system), would be to quote the greater portion of Mr. Kennan's book, and to it I refer the reader. From first to last it is worthy of the most careful perusal. There are few who begin to read it who will not go through it, but I wish to call special attention to the appendices. They contain not only a complete answer to certain somewhat foolish strictures upon Mr. Kennan's description of the prison at Tomsk by one who describes himself as "an Englishman and consequently an unbiassed observer," and who contrasts himself with Mr. Kennan, "an American journalist," but also many important original documents, now published for the first time, manuscripts prepared for Mr. Kennan by exiles, the laws and orders of the Government with regard to political offences and offenders, secret reports of the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia to the Tsar upon Siberian prisons and the exile system, and a large number of extracts from Russian and Siberian newspapers which have all been approved by the Official Censor, and from reports of the chief prison administration, proving the frightful condition of many of the prisons (for example, "Achinsk is a *cloaca* where human beings perish like flies"), and a list of the cases which have come under Mr. Kennan's own observation in which Russian periodicals have been "punished or wholly suppressed for giving voice to ideas and sentiments regarded as objectionable by the ruling class," between July, 1881, and July, 1891.

It is sometimes said that, in England, we should not say much about the treatment of political exiles in Russia so long as we endeavour to crush down the political aspirations of Ireland by harsh coercive laws. It is absurd to suggest any actual similarity between the two cases, but no doubt the pernicious belief that it is possible and legitimate to endeavour to influence thought by physical force is the foundation of both alike. It is the lust of power, the thirst for governing, the resolve that the spirit of man shall be violently guided into the path which you choose, and shall not be free to take its own way, which are one and the same, whether they show themselves by the stoppage of public meetings by the police, by the brutal violence of the mob to the advocates of a distasteful form of religion, by the imprisonment, through the agency of Resident Magistrates, of those who advocate what the Government thinks a mistaken policy, or by the atrocious system of administrative exile in Russia with its innumerable horrors. Even the freest peoples may learn many lessons from Mr. Kennan's invaluable book.

ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

THERE is an idea that the Ministerial party is making something of a rally. With the advent of fine weather and the approach of the London season, the luxurious and the idle, who still form a perceptible factor in the composition of the Tory ranks, have begun to turn their faces homewards. Monte Carlo has ceased to gamble, and the stable-yard is beginning to ring less loudly with the voice of the hunter; and the loss of Monaco and Melton Mowbray is the gain of Mr. Balfour. On Wednesday last there was a muster of the Ministerial forces that seemed to bring back for a moment the halcyon days when Lord Hartington's solid wall of a hundred votes stood between Mr. Gladstone and justice to Ireland; when the House of Commons seemed to have lost all the decencies and amenities of public life and the honour and reverence for genius and old age; and when a few young Tories who had jumped from the Gaiety stalls to the floor of

Westminster, used to gleefully describe how when Mr. Gladstone rose, they repeated to each other a nursery or nonsense rhyme in order to drown his voice. But that spasm of the Johnnies of Parliamentary decadence did not last, and for years Mr. Gladstone has been able to impress and awe even his most violent opponents. Over them he exercises the magnetism of horror and enforced admiration as over his followers he exercises that of admiration and affection. This was the feeling which had brought down the Tories on Wednesday last, for Mr. Gladstone was supposed to have got into a very tight place; and to see the old man caught was a prospect more pleasing than any captured fox or murderous battue.

This was supposed to be the trap. Young Wales —vehement, enthusiastic, perhaps a trifle bumptious, as young parties are apt to be—had brought forward a Bill which proposes to apply to the land system of Wales the same measure as Mr. Gladstone's Land Acts have applied to the land system of Ireland. It was known beforehand—the omniscient lobby correspondent had announced it—that Mr. Gladstone could not see his way to the support of such a Bill. With a party so heterogeneous as the Liberal—though its heterogeneousness is gradually settling down to the solid homogeneity of universal Radicalism—it would have been difficult for the leader to have made so enormous a step in advance. On the other hand, how could Mr. Gladstone turn his back on that gallant little country which has given him support so generous, so loyal, and so unbroken? But if the Tories thought that Mr. Gladstone was unable to get out of a difficulty so primordial as this, they must have given less credit than they usually do for Parliamentary adroitness. His course was the simplest in the world. Had a case been made out? Mr. Ellis who introduced the Bill, had practically to admit that his facts were exiguous; the Government, he explained, had taken care that they should be. Well, then, in the absence of strong, convincing, overwhelming facts, how could Mr. Gladstone be asked to assent to a measure so drastic? "Let us get at the facts," said the Grand Old Man with an air of almost infantile innocence; and the next step, of course, as everybody acquainted with Parliamentary strategy could have foretold, was a demand for a Royal Commission of Inquiry.

The Tories snorted aloud in high disgust, and began to think that, perhaps, they had obeyed the persistent calls of Mr. Akers-Douglas a little too soon. But they were rewarded a little later on. If Mr. Gladstone disappointed them, Mr. Chaplin was fully up to the level of the situation. Even to an ardent Radical there is something delightful in the spectacle of Mr. Chaplin speaking as a Cabinet Minister from the Treasury Bench. The spectacle of a man perfectly satisfied with himself and full of the glory of his position is not a common occurrence even in an assembly of ardent and relentless ambitions. Mr. Balfour seems to bear the weight of glory as though it were the garment of Nessus. To Mr. Gladstone power and dignity seem to be no more worthy considering now than the pretty flower he so often wears in his buttonhole. Sir William Harcourt takes office and fighting as he would any other circumstance of life with something of joy and a dash of scepticism; and Mr. Morley looks with incurable sadness from the Treasury or the Front Opposition Bench on an evil world. But Mr. Chaplin, in the unctuous roll of his voice, in the elocutionary rise and fall of his sentences, in the swayings of his body, in everything about him, indicates that since the world began the event of most historic interest is the particular speech that a particular Cabinet Minister is giving at the moment to a thrilled, but, also, slightly inattentive and sometimes jeering, House of Commons. Taking himself quite seriously, Mr. Chaplin rolled forth some excellent old Tory sentiments, and denounced all attempt to revise rents in the presence of the unhappy Goschen and Balfour—who had revised the judicial rents; and gave an emphatic "No" to the Welsh Bill as he, the present champion of allotments, had sounded to the allotments amendment of Mr. Jesse Collings in 1886. Young Wales was delighted. Such a speech was worth a score of votes; and the 113 Radicals that supported land reform for Wales must be put down, not so much to the adroitness of Mr. Gladstone as the heroic self-esteem of Mr. Chaplin.

Mr. Matthews does not look the hero of a tragedy. Sitting on the Treasury Bench, and, above all, when speaking, his air is that of a man who has suddenly strayed from the stage of the Adelphi and a play of Dion Boucicault to the floor of the House of Commons. When he speaks, he suggests sometimes a French rather than an Irish model—he minces his words; he airily gesticulates with his hands; he pirouettes on his feet; he goes through as many attitudes as a *maître d'armes* giving a fencing lesson, or a dancing master explaining the graceful mysteries of the waltz. A fribble most people would take him to be from his appearance and manner when he speaks. But there must be a terrible fund of obstinacy—perhaps, also, a slight dash of cruelty —in the composition of the man who has hung so persistently and in spite of appeals for mercy so clamorous and sometimes so well-founded. It was unfortunate that, as the dark evening light of Wednesday closed in upon the almost deserted House, the appeal for mercy should have been marred by some injudicious phrases; otherwise, the scene was worthy of the dignity of the House of Commons and the grim and tragic realities that hovered round. There was a subjugation of the voice, a restraint of the manner—except in one case; a painful tension that showed the sense of the awe and the mystery of sudden and violent death. But Mr. Matthews sat on the Treasury Bench—flushed, angry, obstinate, immutable as doom.

But tragedy does not tarry long on any stage; and the next day the Ministers were under the protection of St. Patrick. To North and South to East and West the Irishmen had scattered to celebrate the anniversary of the national saint. In his place the ever-vigilant Sexton sat; but all around yawned a gaping desert; and the sparse shamrock looked lonely and withered. But Mr. Balfour's joy was premature. The prospect of a Vote on Account for two months was more than could be borne by the ubiquitous greed for the date of the Dissolution; and if the Irish were absent, Mr. Labouchere was there. The fun became so infectious, too, that the Parnellites who were absent from the gatherings of their countrymen in England joined in heartily with Mr. Sexton; with the result that there was a night of noise, tumult, occasionally passion; and practically no work done. The Ministry are inevitably doomed. Even St. Patrick has failed to help them.

PROFESSOR FREEMAN.

IN Mr. E. A. Freeman England has lost the first of her historians—the first not only in the range and variety of his learning, but in the solid excellence maintained throughout his work. Few writers of our time who have produced so much have so seldom fallen below their best level. Two merits specially distinguished his historical writings. The one was their thoroughness and accuracy. He never slurred over a difficulty, he never spared any time or trouble that might be needed to elucidate the problem. He was always ready to reconsider a judgment he had previously expressed, when grounds were advanced against it. The other was what may be called the actuality, the sense of life and earnestness, thrown into what he was describing, the impression which he conveyed of being personally interested in it all. It is rarely that a man of profound and laborious learning is able to move under it, not only so lightly, but one might say so

joyously. All the conflicts of the past, whether they belonged to mediæval or to classical Greek and Roman times, were as real to him as those of our own day, and those of our own day interested him not least because they constantly recalled the past. The fault sometimes charged upon his writing—its tendency to diffuseness or repetition—arose in large measure from the very warmth of the interest which he felt in his subject, and which led him to dilate, sometimes too fully, upon points that had no great attraction for the ordinary reader. For this reason his style was sometimes at its best in his shorter essays, where limits of space prescribed compression, such as his Lectures on the History of the Saracens and his Historical Essays, rather than in his long histories. It is in the latter, however, that the extraordinary soundness and exactitude of his historical method are best displayed; and these are the works on which his fame will chiefly rest. The Histories of the Norman Conquest and of the Reign of William Rufus have so completely exhausted the original authorities on the subject that, as narratives of the political and constitutional events of the time, they cannot be superseded. The History of Sicily, of which two volumes appeared last year, and the third is advertised as ready, was conceived on the same ample lines, and was being worked out with the same unflagging industry. Mr. Freeman had an extraordinary power of labour, which seemed scarcely checked by the infirm health of his later years. For the purposes of his History he had traversed several times every nook and corner of Sicily. His pleasure in travel was unabated, and he left England less than a month ago to fulfil a long-cherished project of studying the architecture of Seville and Cordova.

In politics Mr. Freeman was an ardent, though very independent, Liberal, always forming his own views and not hesitating to express them with characteristic force. He twice stood for Parliament, the second time in 1868, but had long since abandoned any idea of entering practical politics, though he continued to write frequently and vigorously on current political questions. His combative vigour made him some enemies; but he was essentially a warm-hearted and kind-hearted man, singularly loyal and constant to his friends, always ready to serve and defend them, and, what is perhaps rarer, always willing to take criticism from them.

MR. BERRY LECTURES.

LAST Monday night Mr. James Berry appeared in a new part at the Imperial Theatre. He has exchanged the scaffold for the platform, and become a public lecturer instead of the public executioner. Standing before the footlights, with a group of his supporters around him, Mr. Berry explained to an audience neither very numerous nor very sympathetic his reasons for taking the step. In appearance Mr. Berry was very like the average mechanic in his Sunday clothes; he is robust and fresh-complexioned; one would guess that he was a humane man, but not altogether free from either obstinacy or conceit. He read his lecture in a voice which could be heard distinctly all over the theatre; but although the voice was Mr. Berry's voice, the words were probably the words of someone else. It was a rambling, ornamental piece of composition, which had not the conviction that plain statement would have had.

It was no sudden resolve, Mr. Berry told us, that had led to his resignation. Mr. Berry has a wife and children to support, and he hesitated some time before he abandoned the post that enabled him to support them. But gradually a strong opinion in favour of the abolition of capital punishment grew up out of his experiences, and forced him to resign. Hanging is, he believes, the most humane form of capital punishment, but he objects to every form; and that is why he gave way to Mr. Billington. We gathered also, from hints here and there, that some person or persons have interfered with Mr. Berry, and that where the ignorant pressman reported that Mr. Berry had bungled, he should have stated that Mr. Berry's arrangements had been disturbed.

We were given a sketch of the ideal hangman. He must have nerve, ability, humanity. Mr. Berry took this occasion to point out three instances in which he had displayed his own humanity: he had altered the pinioning of the arms; he had prevented the recurrence of one horrible scene by fastening the ankles of the condemned man together; he had abolished the steps leading up to the scaffold. The ascent of those steps was a barbarity; occasionally the murderer had to be carried up them by warders. He objected strongly, too, to the prison corridors being lined with friends of the sheriff, admitted to satisfy an ignoble curiosity to see the procession to the scaffold. In fact, Mr. Berry's views seemed to us to be the views of a humane and capable man.

But he added very little to the arguments which the average schoolboy might produce in favour of the abolition of capital punishment. He said that he himself had hung men whom he knew to be insane. The whole question of responsibility in mental disease is not an easy one, and only the opinion of a scientific expert is worth hearing on such a subject. He referred to the great docility and gentleness of some condemned men; there were some executions that he had performed which still troubled his mind. Capital punishment was, as a rule, he believed, dreaded less than penal servitude for life.

There was very little, too, which could be called gruesome or ghastly in the lecture. Realistic description would do more than any argument to convince an audience; but Mr. Berry was not very realistic. It was, perhaps, judicious of him not to unfold more openly the secrets of the prison-house. We believe that enough could be told, and that the horror which they would produce would cause a very general feeling in favour of abolition.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

I.

DR. HOLMES, as he has more than once reminded us, has lived to see a great deal. Happier than most men in most respects, he has now the crowning happiness to see his life's work in a collected edition, printed by the Riverside Press—to see his monument, in short: and a very handsome monument it is, well worthy to stand beside the Riverside edition, issued by Messrs. Macmillan the other day, of his great compatriot and dear friend, James Russell Lowell. It is pleasant to see these two dark-green sets, the ten volumes of Lowell and the thirteen volumes of Holmes, ranged side by side on the shelf, and not a volume in the lot but contains a wise lesson on life and how to live it. In the tenth volume of Lowell you may find the verses, "To Holmes, on his Seventy-fifth Birthday":—

> "Dear Wendell, why need count the years
> Since first your genius made me thrill,
> If what moved then to smiles or tears
> Or both contending move me still?
>
> What has the calendar to do
> With poets? What Time's fruitless tooth
> With gay immortals such as you,
> Whose years but emphasise your youth?
>
> One air gave both our lease of breath;
> The same paths lured our boyish feet;
> One earth will hold us safe in death
> With dust of saints and scholars sweet.
> . . . . . .
>
> Outlive us all! Who else like you
> Could sift the seed-corn from the chaff,
> And make us with the pen we knew
> Deathless at least in epitaph?"

And in the thirteenth volume of Holmes you

* The Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes. "Riverside Edition," in Thirteen Volumes. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1892.

may find this epitaph, written under the title "James Russell Lowell, 1819—1891"—

> "Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir
> That filled our groves with music till the day
> Lit the last hill-top with its reddening fire
> And evening listened for thy lingering lay.
>
> But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar
> Where strains celestial blend their notes with thine;
> Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier star
> Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we resign."

Technically, the two poems may differ in value. But who will decide between their spirit? If Lowell's is the perfect voice of friend calling to friend in the sunset, Holmes's is the brave, manly sorrow of a veteran for his comrade: the sorrow of a man who has stood up and looked death and old age in the face, and knows something of their true proportions. As a courageous man who has made it his business to think much about life, Dr. Holmes has not shirked the consideration of the more formidable half of the journey. At the age of forty-eight he began to speak of Old Age in the "Autocrat"; he was discoursing again about it the other day, and at the age of eighty-odd, in "Over the Teacups"; and his voice, now that he has come within close range of the rifle-pits, is as steady as when he started to march down the slope. He neither boasts nor whines. Though his own bodily health is a marvel, he does not stand up and brag, with Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, saying, "Lo, I am this day four-score and five years old. As yet, I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out and to come in." Still less does he mourn with Barzillai, "I am this day four-score years old and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?" Dr. Holmes is perfectly sane about the matter; and because sanity, though a little out of fashion just now, is always charming, it is pleasant to hear his experience after Caleb's and Barzillai's. Take the passage in "Over the Teacups," when he tells how he dined with five other octogenarian survivors of his old college class of 1829:—

> "Were we melancholy? Did we talk of graveyards and epitaphs? No—we remembered our dead tenderly, serenely, feeling deeply what we had lost in those who but a little while ago were with us. How could we forget James Freeman Clarke, that man of noble thought and vigorous action, who pervaded this community with his spirit, and was felt through all its channels as are the light and strength that radiate through the wires which stretch above us? It was a pride and a happiness to have such class-mates as he was to remember. We were not the moping, complaining greybeards that many might suppose we must have been. We had been favoured with the blessing of long life. We had seen the drama well into the fifth act. The sun still warmed us, the air was still grateful and life-giving. . . "

—To read this passage and the pages that follow it is as good as a tonic.

Yet Dr. Holmes, if any man, has the right to brag with Caleb. He visited Europe for the first time in 1833, for the second time in 1886: and the fifty intervening years seem only to have quickened his eye and invigorated his zest for adventure, to judge from that rattling diary, "Our Hundred Days in Europe." He had left the England of William the Fourth, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Philippe, of Soult, Thiers, and Guizot. "I went," he says, "from Manchester to Liverpool by the new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. . . . The broken windows of Apsley House were still boarded up when I was in London." Yet at the age of seventy-seven he sets forth for a second visit, with all the cheerfulness imaginable; nay, in the exuberance of his spirits he must twit another veteran for not following his example. "Mr. Gladstone, a strong man for his years, is reported as saying that he is too old to travel, and he is younger than I am—just four months, to a day, younger." Remark the amiable precision here—These old men seem to taste their age as if it were wine: you can almost fancy the Doctor smacking his lips over that "just four months, to a day, younger." He left Boston on the 29th of April, 1886, and was back in New York again on the 29th of August, four months of absence in all, of which nearly three weeks were taken up by the two passages. One week was spent in Paris, the rest of the time in England and Scotland: and the Doctor appears in that short while to have seen everything and everybody. It makes a younger man's head spin even to glance down the index. The names of great men and women whose acquaintance he made whirl past like telegraph-poles beside the Great Northern. He seems to have missed but two in England—Queen Victoria and Mr. Ruskin—and in either case he has an excuse. He was invited to meet her Majesty at a garden-party, but was travelling when the invitation was sent, and missed it: and Mr. Ruskin was too ill to receive anybody.

Many men before Dr. Holmes have found the secret of perennial youth; and some have found it in perpetual change. But this is not the Doctor's way. On the whole his has been a quiet stay-at-home life: and neither in his thought nor his writings has he ever danced after popular opinions or adapted himself to the fashion of the hour. Though at one time considerably ahead of it, he has always belonged to his own generation; and that he has been in and out of fashion is due to this—that fashion travelling swiftly round in circles has more than once cut across his straight track. You may see this clearly enough by considering his poetry for a moment. The humour of it, the pathos, the very metres are of an old pattern—as in the lines on the portrait of "Dorothy Q":—

> "Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess,
> Thirteen summers, or something less;
> Girlish bust, but womanly air;
> Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
> Lips that lover has never kissed;
> Taper fingers and slender wrist;
> Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade
> So they painted the little maid.
>
> "On her hand a parrot green
> Sits unmoving and broods serene.
> Hold up the canvas full in view—
> Look! there's the rent a light shines through,
> Dark with a century's fringe of dust—
> That was a Red-Coat's rapier thrust!
> Such is the tale the lady old,
> Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told." . . .

Now compare this with many a poem by Locker or by Austin Dobson and you will find the spirit and the sentiment very much the same: but there is an important historical difference, which has been indicated, in words that can hardly be bettered, by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman—"The distinction between Holmes's poetry and that of the new makers of society verse is that his is a survival, theirs the attempted revival, of something that has gone before. He wears the seal of 'that past Georgian day' by direct inheritance, not from the old time in England, but from that time in England's lettered colonies, whose inner sections still preserve the hereditary language and customs as they are scarcely to be found elsewhere. . . . Throughout the changes of fifty years he has practised the method familiar to his youth, thinking it fit and natural, and one to which he would do well to cling."

As a poetical method it has the one important defect of being narrow: it will not stretch to any great height or breadth or depth of thought. Lowell, when he wished to give utterance to the big truth that bloodshed is cruel and cruelty the vilest of sins, could do so in two ways.—He could sing it in Milton's verse and he could sing it in this fashion—

> "Ez for war, I call it murder
> There you hev it plain an' flat;
> I don't want to go no furder
> Than my testyment for that;
> God hez said so plump an' fairly,
> It's ez long ez it is broad,
> An' you've gut to git up airly
> Ef you want to take in God."

The grand style and the rustic style are both fitted to utter with effect the thoughts that lie deep in the

human heart. But the Georgian style will not stretch to them. It is too literary. And for this reason: if we seek profundity in Dr. Holmes we must look for it in his prose. That, however, is no reason why we should fail in gratitude for the humour of "The One-Hoss Shay" and "Parson Turell's Legacy," or the spirit of "Old Ironsides" and "The Pilgrim's Vision," or the delicate feeling of "The Last Leaf"—a poem worthy to live if only because Abraham Lincoln liked it enough to get it by heart:—

> "The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom,
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb."

This verse is about as near to melancholy as the Doctor has allowed himself to go: and he was quite young when he wrote it.

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S NEW BOOK.

WHEN M. Naquet passed his Divorce Bill, it was felt in Paris that there was more in that social revolution than met the eye. The Radical legislator was thought to have benefited not merely the inharmonious couples directly interested, but the whole world of polite letters, by furnishing a new theme for the drama and the novel. It must be admitted that, so far, the result has failed to justify the general expectation; and the reason for that failure is not, perhaps, very far to seek. For, after all, the great, the most fertile subject of fiction is the revolt of nature against the pressure of social institutions—the course of true love dammed by the *patria potestas*, youth and beauty beating against the prison-bars of a mercenary marriage, and the like. Relax the pressure, diminish the number of your social bonds, and your cases of conflict, out of which the artist has to make his account, are proportionately diminished. Divorce is, of course, such a diminution. Hence the new theme has lent itself to very meagre development on the stage. There is Sardou's *Divorçons*, there is Meilhac's *Pépa*, there is Bisson's *Surprises du Divorce*. But these trifles, it need hardly be said, do not seriously envisage the subject. Two of them show us the spectacle, not really very common, of a couple who detest one another before the divorce, and fall in love again as soon as they are free. The third merely rings the changes on the wildly impossible case of a man's first wife marrying her husband's second father-in-law. As for the novelists, they have hitherto treated the subject as the Mayor of Eastbourne exhorts the mob to treat the Salvationists: they have let it severely alone.

It has fallen to M. Alphonse Daudet to be the first novelist of note to approach the question of divorce from a really serious standpoint. Lugubrious would perhaps be a more appropriate word for "Rose et Ninette" (Paris: Flammarion), which, despite its title, suggestive of innocent maidenhood, and its pretty frontispiece of two fair heads, proves to be really a sombre and somewhat sickly piece of work. What its theme is may be gathered from the design attributed to its principal figure, a successful dramatist, of turning his own experience into a play, a play to make all fathers weep, and perhaps some mothers, entitled "Le Divorce du Père Goriot." Régis de Fagan has been divorced from his wife, and out of a somewhat quixotic chivalry has lent himself, though it is the lady who has been in the wrong, to an arrangement by which it is he who is made to appear in the eyes of the law as the guilty party. As a consequence, his daughters are taken from him, and it would seem to have been M. Daudet's purpose at the outset to examine what influence their peculiar position would have upon the characters and the future of the two girls. Rose, the elder and more amiable of the twain, takes after her father and loves him, but her love turns out a scourge for the poor man. For it manifests itself in a perpetual dread of her father's re-marriage and a jealous hatred of the one woman, a certain Pauline Hulin, who might conceivably make him happy. The younger girl, Ninette, is every inch her mother's daughter: hard, selfish, empty-headed. Of the mother herself we have a picture, in M. Daudet's analytic style, by no means agreeable. "What exasperated me in my wife," says Régis, "was her lying—lying for the love of the thing, lying by instinct, *chic* and vanity, as a part of her 'style,' of her intonations, so intimately mingled with every act of hers that it was impossible for one to distinguish the true from the false. 'Why are you laughing so loudly?' I asked her one day as we were supping in a restaurant after the opera. 'To make the people think we are enjoying ourselves.' There you have her whole nature. I don't remember ever to have heard her speak for the person opposite her; it was always for another, someone over there who had just come in, for the servant who was waiting at table or the bystander whose attention she wanted to attract. All of a sudden, before a round dozen of people, her eyes and voice filled with tears, she said to me: 'O, my own Régis, those Borromean Isles! . . . Those early weeks of our honeymoon! . . .' We knew nothing of those Isles, we had never been there; imagine my astonishment!"

The problem which M. Daudet seems to have started to solve is, what will be the fate of the two girls, entrusted to the care of such a mother as this? Seems, we say; because we are not, as a matter of fact, shown how the girls' characters are modified by their unfortunate circumstances. They remain at the end what they were at the beginning—would, presumably, have made just the same women had their parents never been divorced. It is the unhappy fate of the father which is the real subject of M. Daudet's story. It is the fate of that other father to whom M. Daudet alludes, Père Goriot. The mother marries again, and Régis finds himself gradually becoming a stranger to his daughters, whom he tenderly loves. He follows them to Ajaccio, where their stepfather is Prefect, and is put to all sorts of humiliating devices to get a glimpse of them—among others, has to take advantage of carnival week to approach them in masquerade. In revenge for what she regards as an unseemly intrusion, the mother exercises her talent for romantic lying by inserting a paragraph in all the Paris papers to the effect that Régis de Fagan, the famous dramatist, has suddenly gone raving mad. The miserable man falls sick unto death, writes to his daughters, who for a long time send pretty little excuses for not coming, and, when at last they do come, break with their father for ever, because they find the detested Pauline Hulin installed at his bedside as sick-nurse. After the desertion of Goneril and Regan it would not be surprising if this modern Lear did go mad. But he does not. He is merely left like Mr. Gilbert's Jack Point, "melancholy, moping, mum," and it is even doubtful whether he will ever pluck up heart to console himself with the faithful Pauline.

All this is not exactly joyous reading. The book is by no means one of M. Daudet's best: there is a painful sense of lassitude and discouragement about it. Some of the passages describing the father's moods of depression seem to have an almost autobiographic ring. This one, for instance: "'Tis a sign of age, my dear. Yes! of old age. I am over five-and-forty, the time when physically a man no longer lives on his income, but begins to eat into his capital of life and health. One's strength no longer gets renewed; every trouble makes its wrinkle, every emotion exhausts one's nervous force. It is sad, my dear, but the best of my existence is over, my greatest successes are won; henceforth I have nothing before me but waning strength and vanishing luck, and behind me all the young men in a hurry, treading on my heels." Yes, it is sad. But men in good health

do not write in this vein. It is reported, to the deep regret of all lovers of good literature, that M. Daudet has been for some time a sick man. Sick men have often written cheerful books. But "Rose and Ninette" is not one of them.

ART AND SCIENCE.

"MR. GOSCHEN," said a writer in last week's SPEAKER, "deserves credit for having successfully resisted the attempt to induce him to sacrifice the interests of science at South Kensington to those of art." An excellent theme it seemed to me for an article; but the object of the writer being praise of Mr. Tate for his good intention, the opportunity was missed of distinguishing between the false claims of art and the real claims of science to public patronage and protection. True it is that to differentiate between art and science is like drawing distinctions between black and white; and in excuse I must plead the ordinary vagueness and weakness of the public mind, its inability very often to differentiate between things the most opposed, and a very general tendency to attempt to justify the existence of art on the grounds of utility—that is to say, educational influences and the counter attraction that a picture gallery offers to the public-house on Bank Holidays. Such reasoning is well enough at political meetings, but it does not find acceptance among thinkers. It is merely the flower of foolish belief that nineteenth century wisdom is greater than the collective instinct of the ages; that we are far in advance of our forefathers in religion, in morals, and in art. We are only in advance of our forefathers in science. In art we have done little more than to spoil good canvas and marble, and not content with such misdeeds, we must needs insult art by attributing to her utilitarian ends and moral purposes. Modern puritanism dares not say abolish art; so in thinly disguised speech it is pleaded that art is not nearly so useless as might easily be supposed; and it is often seriously urged that art may be reconciled after all with the most approved principles of humanitarianism, progress, and réligious belief. Such is still the attitude of many Englishmen towards art. But art needs none of these apologists, even if we have to admit that the domestic utility of a Terburgh is not so easily defined as that of mixed pickles or umbrellas. Another serious indictment is that art appeals rather to the few than to the many. True, indeed; and yet art is the very spirit and sense of the many. Yes; and all that is most national in us, all that is most sublime, and all that is most imperishable. The art of a nation is an epitome of the nation's intelligence and prosperity. There is no such thing as cosmopolitanism in art? alas! there is, and what a pitiful thing that thing is. Unhappy is he who forgets the morals, the manners, the customs, the material and spiritual life of his country! England can do without any one of us, but not one of us can do without England. Study the question in the present, study it in the past, and you will find but one answer to your question—art is nationhood. All the great artistic epochs have followed on times of national enthusiasm, power, energy, spiritual and corporal adventure. When Greece was divided into half a dozen States she produced her greatest art. The same with Italy; and Holland, after having rivalled Greece in heroic effort, gave birth in the space of a single generation to between twenty and thirty great painters. And did not our Elizabethan drama follow close upon the defeat of the Armada, the discovery of America, and the Reformation? And did not Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney begin to paint almost immediately after the victories of Marlborough? To-day our empire is vast, and as our empire grows, so does our art lessen. Literature still survives, though even there symptoms of decadence are visible. The Roman, the Chinese, and the Mahometan Empires are not distinguished for their art. But outside of the great Chinese Empire there lies a little State called Japan, which, without knowledge of Egypt or Greece, purely out of its own consciousness, evolved an art strangely beautiful and wholly original.

And as we continue to examine the question we become aware that no further progress in art is possible; that art reached its apogee two thousand five hundred years ago. True that Michael Angelo in the figures of "Day" and "Night," in the "Slave," in the "Moses," and in the "Last Judgment"—which last should be classed as sculpture—stands very, very close indeed to Phidias; his art is more complete and less perfect. But three hundred years have gone since the death of Michael Angelo, and to get another like him the world would have to be steeped in the darkness of another Middle Age. And passing on in our inquiry, we notice that painting reached its height immediately after Michael Angelo's death. Who shall rival the splendours, the profusion of Veronese, the opulence of Tintoretto, the richness of Titian, the pomp of Rubens? Or who shall challenge the technical beauty of Velasquez or of Hals, or the technical dexterity of Terburgh, or Metzu, or Dow, or Adrian van Ostade? Passing on once again, we notice that art appears and disappears mysteriously like a ghost. It comes unexpectedly upon a nation, and it goes in spite of artistic education, State help, picture-dealers, and annual exhibitions. We notice, too, that art is wholly untransmissible; nay, more, the fact that art is with us to-day is proof that art will not be with us to-morrow. Art cannot be acquired, nor can those who have art in their souls tell how it came there, or how they practise it. Art cannot be repressed, encouraged, or explained; it is something that transcends our knowledge even as the principle of life.

Now I take it that science differs from art on all these points. Science is not national, it is essentially cosmopolitan. The science of one country is the same as that of another country. It is impossible to tell by looking at it whether the phonograph was invented in England or America. Unlike art, again science is essentially transmissible; every discovery leads of necessity to another discovery, and the fact that science is with us to-day proves that science will be still more with us to-morrow. Nothing can extinguish science except an invasion of barbarians, and the barbarians that science has left alive would hardly suffice. Art has its limitations, science has none. It would, however, be vain to pursue our differentiation any further. It must be clear that what are most opposed in this world are art and science; therefore—I think I can say therefore—all the arguments I used to show that a British Luxembourg would be prejudicial to the true interests of art may be used in favour of the endowment of a college of science at South Kensington. Why should not the humanitarianism of Mr. Tate induce him to give his money to science instead of to art? As well build a hothouse for swallows to winter in as a British Luxembourg; but science is a good old barn-door fowl; build her a hen-roost, and she will lay you eggs, and golden eggs. Give your money to science, for there is an evil side to every other kind of almsgiving. It is well to save life, but the world is already overstocked with life; and in saving life one may be making the struggle for existence still more unendurable for those who come after. But in giving your money to science you are accomplishing a definite good; the results of science have always been beneficent. Science will alleviate the wants of the world more wisely than the kindest heart that ever beat under the robe of a Sister of Mercy; the hands of science are the mercifulest in the end, and it is science that will redeem man's hope of Paradise.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

A Theatre of Varieties.

PHILOSOPHIC vagabonds and others will find the Empire Theatre not unworthy of their respectful consideration. It has the most exotic stage in London. It is like the countenance of Mrs. Candour's Cousin Ogle: a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe—a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation. Hither come all the eccentrics of the Continent: mountebanks from the country of Doctor Dulcamara, bands of melodious "students" in an academic costume which they do not wear at Salamanca, tumblers from the Levant, jugglers from the foot of Fusi-Yama, singers from Buda-Pesth, dwarfs from Lilliput, and giants from Brobdingnag. The result is a pleasing polyglot to the ear, a motley picture for the eye. You feel yourself, for the moment, a subject of King Carnival: you have a vague impulse to throw handfuls of *confetti* at your neighbour with a shout of "Battaglia!" Nor need the thoughtful man despise the spectacle. Acrobats and eccentrics give a far better notion of what the human spirit can attain to than philistine melodramas or tedious burlesques. Marcus Aurelius bade us live κατὰ φύσιν, according to nature; but these philosophers show us how nature may be conquered, tamed, turned upside-down and inside-out. It is generally held, for instance, that chairs were made to be sat upon. Not so, think Messrs. Ardell and West, "Zulu Kings,"—so called, doubtless, because they are Anglo-Saxons attired as plantation negroes. For these gentlemen a chair is everything—except a seat. Either they wind themselves into it, as Burke, according to Johnson, wound himself into his subject, "like a serpent;" or one knocks it dexterously aside with a broom, in order that the other—in no way surprised—may seat himself on the table. Or they use it as a spring-board, from which they jump, cheerfully, into the pits of one another's stomachs. All this, and much more, in dead silence, with a sort of Buddhistic calm, as though to play tricks with chairs were the most eminently reasonable thing in the world. Again, a vain people supposeth that music should be produced by means of musical instruments. This is a mistake, as the Brothers Webb will soon convince you. The brothers, who should call themselves the two Dromios because they give you a Comedy of Errors, produce music from the most unlikely quarters—from a rack of billiard-cues, from a set of leathern belts studded with *grelots*. When struck—which they are frequently—they give out musical tunes. Thus is the position that art should use nothing but its proper medium—which Lessing was at such pains to establish in his *Laokoon*—carried by assault. Besides the contrast between means and end the Brothers Webb have another to offer you—the contrast between the sentiment of the music and the drollery of the musician. Imagine "Home, Sweet Home" played with the most passionate expression by a flour-bedaubed creature, whose mouth is a scarlet gash, whose breeches are balloons, whose hat is one inch in diameter. Guess, if you can, the piquancy of the "Ranz des Vaches" on a pair of concertinas. The musical clown testifies, in a subtle way, to the comity of nations. His predecessor, the talking clown (where, oh where, is the "Shakespearian Jester" of our youth?), never travelled; for he could only be a prophet in his own country. But music, especially music from belts and billiard-cues, is a sort of Volapuk—it carries a man all over the Continent; and "musicals" like the Brothers Webb are at home in every capital in Europe. Significantly enough, the few words these brothers do let drop are in bad French, the language of couriers and the whole cosmopolitan tribe. It must be amusing to make the Grand Tour as a "Musical Clown"; you see men and cities and know their minds, like Ulysses or a Queen's Messenger, with less risk than the one and higher emolument than the other. Indeed, clowning is to-day what brewing was when Mr. Thrale died—the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It was not always so. M. Hugues le Roux has recently been inspecting the books of the "Société des Deux Cirques," which have been kept since the beginning of the century, and has discovered that Auriol, the most famous of French clowns, never earned more than forty pounds a month. At this moment the rate of pay has probably doubled.

But the great feature of the Empire just now is the troop of Bedouin Arabs. There are fourteen of them, they are headed by a Sheikh, Abdallah, and the only evidence that they have not walked straight out of the "Arabian Nights" is the absence of a one-eyed Calender. In memory of a land which borders on their own they make themselves into human Pyramids of Gizeh and Obelisks of Luxor. In this way Hassan, the Hercules of the troop, carries five of his comrades lightly, like a feather. In the face of marvels of strength and address like these, the mere brain-worker is apt to feel dejected. How much more glorious it must be, how much fuller of the joy of living, to be able to carry five of one's fellow-creatures at arm's length than to make pyramids and obelisks of words and phrases—than, for instance, to be writing this article! But it is not merely the brute strength of these Bedouin Arabs which delights, it is their child-like and bland spontaneity. Our English acrobats are more graceful, would make better models for the Antinous, but they are preternaturally solemn: they magnify their apostleship by their too humiliating contempt for the mere spectator, they pontificate. These Arabs are young barbarians all at play. There is obvious emulation at work among them; they improvise their effects. Those who are for the moment resting encourage those who are at work with a strange ululation which sets the blood on fire. This troop, like every other strolling band from the days of Scarron's "Roman Comique," and before, has its clown. He is not easily distinguishable from the rest, for Oriental fooling, like Greek wit as anthologised by Professor Paley, is hardly visible to the naked eye. Perhaps he has a more conspicuous "fell of hair" than have his companions. He toys with it after the fashion of Mr. Irving in *Macbeth*. He sweeps the stage with it. It marks him as their serpent locks mark the Furies in the *Eumenides*. It excites his comrades to frenzied laughter. It is evidently a Bedouin Arab joke—humour by capillary attraction.

Over and above these exotic delights, they give you at the Empire two gorgeous ballets, which, like all other ballets, are none the less entertaining for being absolutely incomprehensible. *Nisita* expounds many things—like the work of Francis Bacon according to Mrs. Henry Pott—cryptically. Signorina Malvina Cavalazzi, an admirable pantomimist, by the way, whose Orfeo at this theatre was nearly as good as Giulia Ravogli's, is an Albanian shepherd in purple and fine linen, who avoids the society of his sweetheart, Mdlle. Emma Palladino, for the sake of book-learning; he has, in fact, followed the advice given by the Zulietta to Rousseau on a certain delicate occasion at Venice—"Lascia le donne, e studia la matematica." Wherefore it is, no doubt, quite in the natural order of things that he should be carried off by that beneficent fay, Signorina Bettina de Sortis, to a fairy-land where real water falls in cascades to the accompaniment of just a little too much trombone from M. Leopold Wenzel's orchestra. Here myriads of pretty Englishwomen are manœuvred with as much precision as though they were the marionettes dear to Mr. Oscar Wilde; kaleidoscopic turns of colour patterns, coral-pink, and sage-green, saffron and heliotrope, succeed one another; and the more drapery there is the more pleasing the spectacle; for, if you want confirmation of Schopenhauer's uncomplimentary opinions on the female form, a sight of the ordinary scantily-clad

ballet-girl will most easily furnish it. Mme. Katti Lanner knows this, and is not sparing of brocade and satin. The other ballet, *By the Sea*, is an attempt to idealise the humours of Margate Jetty—not entirely successful, for there are some subjects too prosaic for even the choregraphic poet to transfigure. Through it all Signor Vincenti gyrates—a human teetotum setting the spectator's brain in a whirl. "But enough of these Toyes." A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

MR. THEODORE WATTS, reviewing MR. WILLIAM MORRIS'S "Poems by the Way" in the *Athenæum*, finds in them a vivid exactness in the descriptive passages not discoverable in the author's other poems. This he takes to be the result of the growth of the power of seizing on physiognomic details, which, easy to the prose-writer in his earliest youth, seems to be beyond the inexperienced poet. Without accepting this as a general truth, we think it very applicable in the case of MR. MORRIS. In all likelihood the new strength and richness of his later poetry is due to his having recently written so much prose. A firmer grasp of reality is required in prose to make up for the more intimate union of music, colour, and form which characterises verse. It is supposed that a practised verse-writer, other things being equal, will produce better prose than a writer unbreathed in numbers. Is the converse of this now also to be established? Has MR. SWINBURNE'S prose improved his verse? Would BROWNING have been a better poet had he continued to write prose? And how far did EMERSON'S endeavour to be ambidextrous interfere with the formation of a pure style in both modes?

A NEW poet has delighted M. ÉMILE FAGUET. His name is EUGÈNE HOLLANDE, and a great career is predicted for him. M. FAGUET says, "Horoscopes are hazardous; but I risk it. It seems to me that it would be difficult to be more gifted than M. HOLLANDE." His book is called "Beauty." HEGESIAS, the SCHOPENHAUER of Alexandria, is the subject of the principal poem. After he has said his say on pessimism before an astounded audience, the beautiful STRATONICE replies to him:—

> "Oui, ton charme, Aphrodite, est partout, je l'atteste;
> Et la vie est un culte à ta divinité;
> Ton contempteur unique est cet homme funeste.
>
> Ton trône est au-dessus de l'espace sans fin;
> Et les étoiles sont l'éclat de ton sourire;
> Et la suite des temps est l'immense chemin
>
> Où tout ce qui se meut et tout ce qui désire
> Marche, épris et docile, à ton regard divin;
> Et, comme sur la mer redoutable un navire,
>
> Conduit par ses marins soucieux du retour,
> Cingle, sans s'égarer, vers l'invisible terre,
> Ainsi va l'Univers habité par l'amour."

It is quite possible that we have here the germ of a great poet.

A HUNDRED and thirty caricatures of WAGNER—French, German, English, Austrian, Italian—have been collected by M. J. GRAND-CARTERET, and published under the title of "Richard Wagner en Caricatures" (LAROUSSE). The editor has not confined himself to a selection of the best published caricatures; he has added reproductions of original unpublished sketches signed BLASS, TIRET-BOGNET, and MOLOCH. The literary part of the book consists of an autograph letter from WAGNER to GABRIEL MONOD, an analysis of the development of his signature, and a study of his principal portraits. The publisher is happy in the belief that the *brochure* will attract both Wagnerians and Anti-Wagnerians.

THE fourth volume of "The English Catalogue of Books" (LOW) is nearly a quarter larger than its predecessor. It is a record of the names of more than seventy-five thousand books published in the United Kingdom and America from January, 1881, to December, 1889. The facts given are dates of publication, indication of size, price, and publisher's name. A volume of "The English Catalogue" is a blending of so many years of the "Annual Catalogue" into one alphabet; an account of the method by which this is done is given in the preface.

MR. J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY'S "Faiths of the Peoples" (WARD & DOWNEY) is a popular handling of a subject of universal interest. Each faith or sect is illustrated from a meeting of those belonging to it, which the author attended in London—a method commendable for its simplicity and directness.

THE first volume of the "Gentlewoman's Book of Sports" (HENRY) is written by thirteen ladies. Ten articles are devoted to water sports, the other subjects being lawn-tennis, cricket, archery, golf, and fencing. We have the assurance of the editor, LADY VIOLET GREVILLE, that each of the ladies who contribute to the volume may claim to be an authority—so far as her own sex is concerned—on the subject of which she treats. There can be little doubt, therefore, that these reminiscences and suggestions will be of service to other ladies who are merely beginning to interest themselves in the sports with which the book deals. We have often thought that the umpire at a ladies' cricket match must have a sad time of it. LADY MILNER is going to put that all right. "Whatever decision the umpire gives you must implicitly acquiesce in outwardly," is her admonition to the novice. She continues, "We may swear inwardly as much as we like." It is quite evident that the ladies understand the game, and mean to play it in a manly spirit.

IN the second part of his "History of Greece" (LONGMANS), MR. ABBOTT has been compelled to exceed the limits which he proposed to himself when he began. He found it impossible to give an adequate account of a period so important as the fifth century B.C. in Greek history within the compass of a single volume. The rest of the work will in all likelihood require to proceed on the same extended scale. MR. ABBOTT has reprinted in this volume some thirty pages of his "Pericles," with some verbal alterations and the addition of notes necessitated by the modification of his views since the publication of ARISTOTLE'S "Constitution of Athens."

MR. HENRY MIDDLETON'S "Remains of Ancient Rome" (BLACK) is a revised and greatly enlarged version of his former books entitled "Ancient Rome in 1885" and "in 1888." A great part has been rewritten, accounts of the recent discoveries have been added, and a large number of new illustrations have been introduced.

WE have received from MESSRS. CASSELL & CO. the first issue of a book for which there was an urgent demand. During the last thirty or forty years scientific knowledge has advanced with such rapidity that it has become impossible, even for scientific men, to keep pace with its progress; and the increasing technicality of the terminology employed is a serious difficulty which the ordinary reader is ceasing to face. In these circumstances, "The Year-Book of Science" will prove a great help—to the scientist whose own subject takes up most of his time, and to all who are generally interested in science so far as to desire to learn in what directions the sphere of knowledge is being

enlarged. The endeavour of its projectors and compilers has been to select those memoirs, in each several department, which appeared to be of somewhat exceptional interest, either by throwing light on special difficulties or by being suggestive of further advances. It is edited by PROFESSOR BONNEY, and the twenty-one contributors are among the foremost exponents of their subjects.

ACCURACY is invariably a mark of ANDREW LANG in his literary allusiveness, but for once his memory has been found in fault. In his "Letters to Dead Authors," of which a revised and corrected edition has just appeared, we find (p. 123) about EDGAR ALLAN POE the following:—"Your pieces are few; and DR. JOHNSON would have called you, like FIELDING, a barren rascal." Surely MR. LANG, in turning to MACAULAY'S Essay, will find it there correctly assigned to JOHNSON or GRAY; "GRAY was, in his dialect (?), a barren rascal." Wherein, as the clown in *Twelfth Night* (*the origin of the phrase*) would have remarked, is Nemesis (Act V. Sc. 1)!

THE March number of the *Economic Journal* is distinctly a good one. PROFESSOR CUNNINGHAM, of Cambridge, shows the way in which economic doctrine, however abstract, is conditioned by the circumstances of its time, and gives the best account we remember to have seen of the principles of the much-abused mercantile system; MR. EDWIN CANNAN does the same in greater detail for the Law of Diminishing Returns; MR. HENRY CUNYNGHAME investigates from a mathematical standpoint the relations of exchange value, monopoly, and rent. MR. L. L. PRICE gives a reverent but careful criticism of PROF. MARSHALL'S "Principles of Economics"; while there are three articles of more general interest: PROFESSOR JENKS, who is exhaustive, but readable, writes on the history and effects of "Trusts" in the United States, MR. CHAMPION on the history of the Eight Hours Day in Australia, and MR. ARTHUR ELLIS on market fluctuations—a subject on which professed economists probably know less than anyone else. The reviews and notes are well sustained, and the journal deserves to circulate outside the sphere of professed teachers and students of the science, and to connect them with that large world of business men which is dubious as to the scientific treatment of a subject of whose details they know much more than its professors.

So far as title is concerned—and it is a matter of some importance even to the most select journal in these days—the change from *Igdrasil* to "World Literature" is decidedly an improvement. Why the "World-tree of Scandinavian Mythology," on the strength of a passing reference by MR. RUSKIN, should be dragged into the nomenclature of British journalism, it would be hard to say. Otherwise, there may be a distinct loss to literature if the younger magazine does not maintain a higher level. The collection of MR. RUSKIN'S letters and speeches not included in his published works has been very interesting. This month we have the Master's more casual opinions on Verona, Communism (and the sewing-machine!), landscape, Christmas cheer, prevention of cruelty to animals, and vivisection.

THERE is in the March number of *World Literature* a report of a remarkable interview with COUNT TOLSTOI, who thinks the immediate needs of the day in Russia are a development of village industries, the establishment of more dinner-tables and soup-kitchens, and an accurate ascertainment of the grain stores of the country. The visitor suggested that this was a good time to extend the railway system of the country. But "the Count flared up. 'Certainly not,' he said; 'the railways are the curse of the country. I could prove to you mathematically that railways are ruining Russia.'" But the nearest thing to "mathematical proof" vouchsafed was the observation that if railways were built there would be nothing for the peasants' horses to do during one-half of the year—a rather inadequate reply.

A SCANDINAVIAN correspondent writes to us that HENRIK IBSEN'S *Peer Gynt* has just been produced at the Christiania Theatre after an interval of fifteen years. The audience was both large and distinguished, and included the famous author himself. The result was a success, although hardly one of the first magnitude. BJÖRN BJÖRNSON, a son of BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, was a very able Peer Gynt, although the more fantastic traits of this strange character were perhaps kept a little too much in the background. EDUARD GRIEG'S music, which is in such wonderful harmony with the play, and does so much to enhance the scenic effect, had in some places been slightly rearranged by GRIEG. IBSEN was, after the first performance, loudly cheered and called before the curtain, but he has decided not to appear on the stage of the National Theatre of Norway till its *répertoire* includes his *Ghosts*, which has so far been left in the cold.

BESIDES LORD HAMPDEN, MR. FREEMAN, and the GRAND DUKE OF HESSE, the week's obituary includes M. LÉON LALANNE, the director of the famous *Ateliers Nationaux* of the French Republic of 1848, a distinguished engineer, a Life Senator, and recently the director of the Paris General Omnibus Company; the MOST REV. WILLIAM SMITH, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh and St. Andrews; the REV. MESAC THOMAS, Anglican Bishop of Goulburn, N.S.W.; the REV. PRINCIPAL CAIRNS, of the United Presbyterian Theological College at Edinburgh, well known in Scotland as a preacher; MR. SIDNEY WOOLF, Q.C., a well-known author of standard legal works; MR. WILLIAM TAYLER, who was dismissed—with doubtful justice—from the post of Commissioner at Patna during the Indian Mutiny; DR. MEYMOTT TIDY, the well-known Government Analyst; PROFESSOR STEENBERG, of Copenhagen, a specialist in mental disease; and MR. W. F. WALLETT, who amused the past and the present generation as a circus clown.

THE CONSULTATION ON ALSACE-LORRAINE.

PARIS, March 14, 1892.

THE so-called question of Alsace-Lorraine has come to the front here again by the singular kind of plébiscite adopted by *Le Figaro* newspaper, with the view apparently of throwing a little fresh light on the subject from outside. That wide-awake organ of public opinion took upon itself to address an interrogatory to various prominent personages on the other side of the Rhine, on the possibility of a settlement of the above burning question other than by force of arms. It may be surmised that such an idea could scarcely have taken root or found expression in any purely French publicist's brain. But *Le Figaro*, though breathing the air of the Boulevards, is not a purely French publication. Its editor is a naturalised Belgian, and there is a strong foreign element among the contributors. Like the French in general, the journal has at least this much in common with the people for whom it writes, viz., the possession of a short memory. The gentlemen of the Rue Drouot would doubtless be

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

very much surprised if they were told by some man in the street that the true answer to the species of political conundrum they had propounded was to be found in their own columns about a decade ago. It was no remarkable revelation; merely an outburst of unwonted frankness. The confession had the merit of fixing itself in the mind; and during the course of many years' perusal of the paper this avowal has alone left durable impression on my mind.

There it was acknowledged that no genuine all-pervading sentiment existed in France with regard to the lost provinces. To read some publications of the day, and to listen to some patriots, one might imagine that the majority of the people of France were consumed with a burning desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine. But, asked the *Figaro* writer, where are the signs of this sacred passion? Did it exist in even a faint form we should see the various classes of the population, and different political parties, united to cultivate a spirit of patriotism; the youth of the country would be enrolled in a new *Tugendbund;* and all through society a current of regeneration would make itself felt preparing the way for *la revanche*.

Instead of this, what do we see? Each man going his own way, mindful of his own affairs and heedless of his neighbour's—this one to his business, that one to his pleasure, and all for self. Who that has known France during the last twenty years will pretend that this is not a true picture? If so, then, what becomes of the protests of the patriots?

In order to justify itself in the eyes of the patriots, *Le Figaro* has invited a sort of consultation from an eminent member of the French University, M. Ernest Lavisse, who has responded to the appeal, albeit reluctantly. The letter, which takes the form of a leader in the number of to-day, is highly interesting, and will doubtless be widely read and commented on. Professor Lavisse knows Germany and the Germans, and he, at least, was under no illusion as to the sentiments prevailing there on the question. At the outset of his article he makes this abundantly clear. "In the year 1875," he tells us, "I was at Berlin, at the house of a member of the Reichstag, one of the best and gentlest men I have ever known." In parenthesis it may be conjectured that this was Dr. Lasker.

"We naturally spoke on the great question of the day—the liability of a renewal of hostilities between the two countries. My host did not believe in the imminence of a war, and was far from desiring it. But he did not conceal from me what would be the consequences of a defeat for us. 'We shall not take fresh territory—we have got enough of that as it is—but we shall take your money in sheaves, and *your independence!*' The good man said this in the same tone as he had just offered me a cigar, and looked aghast as he saw me redden and bound from the table in indignation. Evidently the worthy Doctor had not the slightest conception of having said anything to hurt my feelings. The Germans are built that way."

There is a continued source of confusion and misunderstanding kept up with regard to the respective feelings of French and Germans on this vital topic. M. Lavisse professes to believe that the Germans credit the French with warlike intentions which he declares not to exist, except in the case of an insignificant minority. But that is not the right way to put the question. The Germans say: "Recognise fully and without reserve the *status quo*, and there is nothing to prevent us from being friends, which we desire more than you. Until then we cannot believe your professions, especially as they are liable to be blown to the winds by the first breath of good news from Cronstadt."

With all his knowledge of the Teuton, the eloquent Professor cannot dismiss from his thoughts the possibility of "an arrangement"—"with due guarantees"—which a German colleague, Otto von Müller, somewhat lightly foreshadowed as a possible solution. He revives the old tag of the Exhibition: "Du lieber Gott, die Ausstellung!" a Berliner would ejaculate over his beer; and invokes the "Je ne sais quoi of humanity, generous and free" as a security for Frankish good behaviour. But it will not do, any more than the appeal to the Alsatians, who, under French as under German rule, have only had one feeling—to be Alsatians. *Wir sind Alsässer.* The conclusion of the whole matter is given by an anonymous correspondent of *Le Matin:* "If we want to recover the lost provinces, we must do so sword in hand."

SHAMEEN.*

"AH, musha, Larry," said the man on the other side of the long car to our driver, "did you hear that James Hurley was dead? The news came to Miss Dempsey at the post-office from her brother in Cincinnati."

Our carman pulled up so suddenly that it would have twisted the mare's mouth if she had not been very leisurely ascending the sweet mountain-road. As it was, she only shook herself with a mute remonstrance and went on more leisurely.

"Ah, thin, Shameen!" said the carman, with the most wonderful tenderness, "ah, thin, is Shameen dead? God rest you, Shameen! Sure it was you could lighten the road for the mare with the lilt of a song."

Rosa and I looked at each other. It sounded the sweetest lamentation in the crooning Irish voice. The driver of the long car was a great ruddy fellow, square-faced, dark-haired, determined-looking, as one often sees them in that country where Noll's troopers intermarried with violet-eyed daughters of the mere Irish. An excellent fellow was Larry Hayes, and we had made several trips with him; for his long car which conveyed the mails and a stray traveller or two passed through an enchanting stretch of country. He had quite a friendly interest in us and our excursions. We had got brown and cheerful in our month, that was now well-nigh ended. To-day there was a dull silver of rain in the air from morning. Last night there were gusts that carpeted the valley with scarlet and orange, and the woods that had been gloriously clothed showed only ragged banners of colour like the fragments of glory one sees hanging high in the cathedral at home.

The rainy day broke up splendidly. It had been almost too dark in the early afternoon for Rosa to sketch those ruins we tramped to in the mild mist. Now the western heaven opened, and we saw the passage as it were of a myriad angels, flying on in steady, long flight, golden-headed, golden-gowned, golden-feathered; with now and then a glimpse of delicate rose, as though one caught sight of a young cheek or a naked foot in the rifts of gold.

The other passenger on the long car we had picked up as he trudged steadily along on his way home from a distant fair. He communicated all his news of "Shameen" stolidly; how he had died in hospital, and how Miss Dempsey's brother had heard of it from a priest, and how his death had been the result of an accident on the railway where he was employed, in which it seemed he had given his life to rescue some worthless one.

We listened for a while, and at last one of us said, "Who was Shameen, Larry?"

"Is it Shameen Hurley, Miss? Well thin, I'll tell you," was the reply; "an' it's not to everyone I'd talk about Shameen this day. You know Knockmeelderry over there? It's the handsome hill, an' it's the first to see the sun in the mornin' an' the last to bid him good-bye at night. Well, Shameen's little house an' farm was under the big flank of Knockmeelderry, an' indeed there was a time he was like what I'm after tellin' you of that same hill, for

* Anglicé, "little James." The diminutive "'een" is constantly applied in Ireland as a term of affection.

he was always lookin' at the sun—an' such a voice—he'd coax the birds off the trees with it. Eh, ladies, it's the quare world it is intirely. He was the manliest fellow in the three parishes. He was big an' gentle an' good. Good! he was as good as a pot of goold. He lived all alone, did Shameen, with just an old woman to come in an' clear up for him. The girls used to be sayin' it was a quare way for him to be, an' how much more he'd get out o' the farm if he'd a wife to see after the butter an' the calves an' the pigs for him. They wor all leppin' to get him, but, indeed, though he'd always the soft word for a woman or a child, aye, and for a dumb baste, he gev no girl raison to suppose he was thinkin' of her. The boy was too innocent to know how they wor all round him like flies around honey. His father was handsome an' bad. There wasn't a bit of badness in all Shameen's body. He was his mother's son, and she was the best an' sweetest girl in the barony, an' when she found out the man she was married to, the crathure, she died of it. They said it was consumption she died of, me brown little girl; but it wasn't, it was *silent contimpt*. When she found out what he was, an' she had adored him, the love went back on her heart an' killed her."

Larry's thoughts were evidently far back in the past, and we had a clue to them, for we had heard how "an ould, ancient love-affair" had made him the determined bachelor he was.

"Shameen was like his mother," he went on dreamily; "he took things hard. I was terrible fond of him from a boy. He was always bright an' glad to gladden my heart, till he fell in love; an' as misfortunes never come alone, no sooner was he in it over head an' ears than th' ould Captain that was kind went an' died on us, an' the naygur that's there now," shaking his whip at a distant turret, "fell in for the place. Eh, but she was purty, little Susy O'Brien; an' her father, ould Kendal, the richest and closest-fisted farmer in the county. I often wonder if Shameen had known the misfortunes that was comin' to him, whether he wouldn't have kep' out of her way, but I don't know. It was like as if it was to happen, an' he was like his mother—love was hell or heaven to him; he was like her in another way, too, for he was terrible proud.

"They said Susy came home from the Convent wantin' to be a nun, an' that ould Kendal was mad about it. I misdoubted that story from the first day I seen her in the chapel; for though she was as demure-lookin' as a statue, she had a pair of funny little dimples that crep' about in her cheeks, an' as we were comin' out I saw her givin' a long look at someone from under her eyelashes, an' whin I looked it was Shameen, an' faith he was starin' at her as if he'd ate her. Purty she was; she was like a little wisp of thistledown, so light an' airy she was, an' her face was as innocent as a daisy, and soft an' pale, an' set in hair like fine goold. She was delicate-lookin', an' yet wholesome lookin'.

"Ladies, did yez ever hear of a love that sprung up an' took root an' got strong in two hearts without ever a word of love bein' spoken? Well, that was the way with Susy an' me poor Shameen. They met at neighbours' houses, at weddins' and dances, at the chapel on Sunday, and Shameen seemed drawn wherever she was an' yet determined to keep away from her. But he couldn't help *lookin'*, an' as time went on, though nobody suspected but me, yet I saw their looks once or twice, and wondered the world didn't know. The colleen would look at him appealin' as if she thought he was angry, an' he'd look back at her with his face cold an' pale, but his eyes full of fire. I've heard of the love-light; but poor Shameen's love-light was more like a consumin' fire. He got haggard an' quare, an' even his sweet songs he changed for ould lamentations an' the like; that is whenever you'd get him to sing, for it was seldom. On his little place things was goin' from bad to worse with him. I consoled myself thinkin' that ould Kendal for all his nearness wouldn't deny his one little girl the wish of her heart, seein' that Shameen was so likely a lad, an' his misfortunes not of his own makin'.

"Eh, I'd reckoned without Shameen's pride. Shameen beggared would never ask for a rich man's daughter. It was seven years ago last May, Clonmel fair-day. For a wonder I'd no passengers, an' I was just lettin' the mare take her time. I was heavy in heart, for I knew things wor in a bad way with Shameen. He'd gone to Dublin to see the agent an' ask for time. Well, quite suddenly a man jumped up out o' the ditch where he'd been lyin' on his face. Glory be to God, it was Shameen, yet none need have blamed me if I hadn't known him at first. His dress was tossed an' disordhered as if he'd been lyin' out all night. He looked as wake an' quare as if food hadn't seen the inside of him for a fortnight; his hair was tossed an' wild, but it was none of them things made the terrible change in Shameen; it was the dead, sick look of misery in his eyes. Before I could spake to him he spoke to me, in a quare, cracked voice. 'Don't talk to me, Larry,' he said. 'I'm goin' to take a sate with you as far as the Junction; I'm off to America.' 'Off to America,' says he, as aisy as if he was talkin' of Emly or Golden. Well, the poor lad, I troubled him but little, but as we went on he told me he was out of his farm—that visit to the agent had only quickened things for him.

"We went along an' along, and the sweet May evenin' it was, an' the blackbird—that used always to stop whin Shameen began—singin' fit to crack his throat, and all the pleasant country so quiet, by raison of the people bein' in the chapel attendin' to their May devotions. I was sick to say somethin' to him of Susy, but faith I didn't like to; he was leanin' down like an ould bent man, an' more betoken, fond as he was of me, I'd found out that Shameen could be very proud an' cold over his saycrets.

"How did she find out at all, at all? Or what instinct brought her there? Och sure, women are wonders whin they're in love. It was in the loneliest part o' the road that she suddenly stepped out of a boreen where she was standin'. She ran up like a child with her hands out, and I could see all her pretty face pinched like a snow-drop that's caught in the frost. Me poor Shameen gev a big cry, and then jumped off—and the mare an' meself had the sense just to move on a bit and let the crathures have their say to themselves. An' I, the big fool I was, was all in a pucker of delight, thinkin' I needn't drive Shameen to the Junction after all. Och, wirra wirrasthrue, its a quare world, an' it's only when you're ould an' lonely and the pain over that you begin to see what value love was, and how little the gabbin' tongues o' people matthered, so long as you had the love.

"It was only a minit anyhow. He hadn't more nor time to kiss her purty lips once or twice when he was back. 'Drive on,' he says, in a terrible, hard, dry voice that gives me an ache to think of even now. I said no more till the train was steamin' an' him in it. I was ould enough to be his father, an' might have been that same, but I couldn't question him: I hadn't courage. Lookin' at his face, though, I tried, wettin' me lips with me tongue, for they were both dry with anxiety. He squeezed up in the corner of the carriage, an' looked straight before him in a dead sort of way. I stood with me hand on the window, but I'm misdoubting he knew a friend was there at all, at all. 'Did you spake to the little girl, Shameen?' I said at last; 'she's the thrue little girl that'd wait for you.' 'No,' said he, lookin' at me straight, 'why should I spake to a rich man's daughter?' 'Well thin, God forgive you, Shameen,' said I; but sure in the middle of it the whistle came, and that was me last word with Shameen.

. . . . . .

"An' little Susy, Miss? Well, she drooped, an' then she took up a bit, like as if she was hopeful. The father tried to make her match half-a-dozen times, but she gev them all the go-by. But sure,

you can't live on hope for ever, an' as the months went an' no tale or tidins' of Shameen, she grew slindherer an' quieter. Miss Dempsey told me afterwards that she gev up by degrees callin' for the post, an' the little screeds from the nuns an' the school friends were called for by Thady Murphy, the boy from the forge. I seen her once lookin' like a little red rose: that was a few months after Shameen left, an' I'm thinkin' it was the thought of his kiss an' his arms about her brought the pretty colour in her cheeks. Ochone, the blight came on as it might on the same little red rose. Less than two years after Shameen went, they buried her. I wonder whether he ever heard. Anyhow, from that day to this no word of mouth or letter came from him. But, sure, he's spoken the word now. God is good; an' I'll go bail the love that never was spoken between them on earth was told out full an' free when she ran to meet him, the darlin', over the pavemints of Heaven."

We were creeping up the hill to the town by this time. We were all silent, in sympathy with Larry's emotion; he only spoke once afterwards, and then it was to the mare—

"Sheila, me honey, do you remember Shameen? Ah! poor Shameen's dead! An', sure, it was many a long an' hard road he lightened for you with the lilt of a song. He made your heart bate so light you never felt the load. But he's done singin' on earth long ago, Sheila!"

KATHARINE TYNAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS."

SIR,—Sir Charles Dilke is in error in regard to the attitude of the Catholic Church in Great Britain towards the Friendly Societies he names. Catholics can, and do, join the Foresters and Oddfellows without let or hindrance. Inquiry in the proper quarter would have at once removed the right hon. gentleman's misapprehension on the point. In regard to Australia I cannot speak; but if Cardinal Moran has seen fit to prohibit Catholics joining these societies, there are doubtless local reasons sufficient for his action. Just as the French Freemasons may, and, I suppose, do, differ from the English, so, too, in Australia Oddfellows and Foresters may not be the innocent bodies they are in Great Britain.

As to Good Templars, there is a religious element in their organisation of a distinctive character, which has the effect of precluding Catholics from membership. We can quite agree that the temperance work of this and kindred bodies is most laudable, while being unable to join them. We have our own temperance organisations, however, so that the cause of temperance among our people is not placed at a disadvantage. It is, I take it, the tone and essence of Good Templarism and similar semi-religious organisations that guide the Church in warning her members against joining them.

In regard to Masonry, it, I believe, comes under a different heading. Catholics would like, for instance, to know what the English Freemasons mean, or what Sir Charles Dilke means, by "the Great Architect of the Universe." Does this title convey anything more than "Manitou the Mighty" in American Indian parlance; does it mean the "Soul of the world," or are we to take it as meaning a Personal God, the Upholder, Governor, and Ruler of the universe? The unexplained expression does not help us a little bit in answering the query, Should Catholics become Freemasons? Again, what recognition of Christianity, as such, do we find in Masonry? We Catholics test everything by that standard. Are Christ's Divinity, Incarnation, Life, Death, Resurrection, Ascension ignored entirely by this society, which has two main objects, "good-fellowship and alms-giving"? Good-fellowship and alms-giving have been, and are, practised by Pagans. They are good in themselves, but are not enough to satisfy Catholics of the beneficent character of Masonry. The thing must be considered as a whole. It has been so considered by the Church; it has been weighed and found wanting. We can concede that English Masonry is very different indeed from the Continental article; that a Mark Mason does not correspond to one of the Carbonari; yet, English Masonry is still incompatible with Catholicity.

That the ceremonies have been described accurately in books which are accessible does not surely alter the nature of the difficulty? If any of your readers, or if Sir Charles Dilke, will take the trouble to investigate the grounds of the Church's condemnation, they will be found wondrously enlightened, admirably explained, and based on the highest principles. It is open to anyone to deny the first principles of the Church's action, to ignore her mission, to declare her claim to authority the most flagrant usurpation; but, granting the first, the harmony and logical consistency of her law is undeniable.

Sir Charles Dilke writes as if there were no secret societies worthy of the name since those which between 1815 and 1848 did a work "the memory of which still haunts the Papal repose." Sir Charles may choose to treat the anxieties of the Holy See on these matters as childish, but he can be quite certain that the Holy See of to-day does not legislate because of agencies which ceased to operate fifty years ago. The aim, the scope, the character, the power, the methods of the secret societies of 1892 are well enough known to the Pope and his advisers. Is it unknown to Sir Charles Dilke that there are powerful agencies at work even now to overthrow the influence of the Holy See, and even to completely extirpate it? Are there not those who proclaim this intention openly? Was not the "unification of Italy" a step in this direction? Did not many people, even here in England, hope that the loss of the Temporal Power was the prelude to the final disappearance of the Papacy?

Sir Charles is very much mistaken if he imagines that the Holy See is alarmed by spectres of 1815 or 1848, or even 1870. Just as she no longer legislates against slavery in Europe because it is non-existent, so would she cease to war against secret societies were it not that they are to-day powerful, unscrupulous, active. Between these bodies and the Holy See there can be no truce. It is a war to the knife. Even non-Catholics, who have studied history carefully, may gather that the Holy See is not unlikely, when the smoke and din of the contest are over, to emerge once again victorious from a death-grapple with her assailants.

C. DIAMOND.

March 15th.

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE."

SIR,—Some of the organs of the press have gone out of their way to attribute the revulsion of public opinion on municipal questions to one single organisation. As a worker with many others in three or four societies, each of which have for years been tilling the soil and sowing the seed, working and waiting for the harvest, now that it has begun to ripen for the sickle I would wish that all such workers may share a little of the pleasure of participating in the reaping if not in the harvest home when it arrives. In any case the honour and glory cannot be distributed yet until the General Election gives effect to or clenches and consolidates the good already effected; therefore, the premature exultation that the London Liberal and Radical Union or any other one organisation has effected this comparative revolution since the establishment of the first London County Council in 1889 is, to say the least of it, decidedly unfair. These societies, too, are as follows, and I place them in that order of precedence which signifies the importance of the principles they were, or are, advocating, as I consider they recently influenced the average municipal elector. First and foremost the work of the Progressive party itself in the late County Council; then the reforms advocated by the United Committee for the taxation of ground rents and values; the London Municipal Reform League, the Leaseholds Enfranchisement Association, the Land Restoration League, the Land Nationalisation Society, the Free Land League, the Mansion House Council on Dwellings, the Financial Reform Association, the Eighty Club, the Cobden Club, the Fabian Society, the United Kingdom Alliance, and the London Trades Council and Trade Unions, and the most reliable sections of Socialists; and last, but not least, the extraordinary amount of literature showered on ratepayers by the Liberty and Property Defence Leagues under their various titles, with their policy of *status quo* or negation. This did much to accentuate the work of reformers and point the moral—only the application of the moral was invented by the ratepayers themselves—without attempting to enumerate the religious or Nonconforming bodies who have aided in securing the splendid victory. It may be true that all these forces were brought into line and marshalled by the Liberal Central Association and the London Liberal and Radical Union by the action they have taken in arranging the present metropolitan campaign. It will, therefore, be seen that the preponderating influences at work were mainly social and reforming, and not necessarily political or party political. I maintain that the present revival, which is but a faint foreshadowing of the interest which the London ratepayer will hereafter evince in his citizenship, has sprung from causes far beyond any objects sought by mere party political wire-pullers. None at present can conceive what this mighty London will become under wise and enlightened municipal leaders, checked by the principle of direct representation of and responsibility to the electors, when once they rise to the dignity of "citizens of no mean city," and act in their full strength.

Let me beg of you, sir, to discourage the fendency to shower honours too quickly; the work is not completed yet until an amended and reformed parliamentary representation of "Greater London" gives us the assurance that the work of the Council may not be frustrated or neutralised. Until then we must be content to "learn to labour and to wait."—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE J. KNIGHT.

18, Bouverie Street, E.C.

P.S.—A congratulatory meeting for celebrating the great municipal victory and consolidating the various sections of workers who aided in securing it, would portend more for future good than all the honours showered upon the freshly-elected councillors, many of whom have yet to win their spurs.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, March 18th, 1892.

A CORRESPONDENT who, on his own confession, is good enough to peruse this *Causerie* week by week, has noted in it an abiding hostility to the British reviewer. I fear there is no chance of my foisting this hostility upon my distinguished and occasional colleague, "A. B.," for this same correspondent, with a frankness common to most people who give unsolicited advice, suggests that my own experience of reviewers may have been unfortunate, and hints that my failure to conciliate them may have soured me somewhat.

He takes this failure for granted; and it would be unbecoming to dispute his right to make this assumption. But it may not be unbecoming to assure him that his inference is altogether wrong, and that, by those who are acquainted with him, the British reviewer is known to be one of the kindest fellows in existence. In fact, after meeting a couple of score of men who criticise other men's books, and after reading a multitude of their criticisms, I know of one man only who would write a malevolent article. And the case of this man is so singular that the reason of his malevolence is probably unknown to himself. His fellows on the press, though aware of this reason, have always found themselves unable to tell him the truth, even when most sorely provoked.

The right attitude towards reviewers is to give them full credit for good nature and honest motives and to distrust what they say. The common attitude, unfortunately, is to distrust their motives and accept their utterances for gospel: for the average man has an incurable knack of believing whatsoever he sees in print. Now it is foolish to delegate your judgment to any reviewer: but there are one or two reasons why it is especially foolish in the case of a novel.

Everybody knows that when an important work is published in history, philosophy, or any branch of science, the editor of a respectable paper employs an expert to review it. He has a list of specialists in many branches of knowledge, and he picks his man with care. The consequence is that the reviews of any learned or recondite work in this country are, to speak generally, surprisingly adequate; indeed, the more abstruse the subject of the book the more careful and intelligent you will find the review. Moreover, since the specialist's name is something of a guarantee that the work has received the best possible treatment, the editor is apt to print it at the foot of the page; and this again tends to good work. For all men write best above their own names.

It is equally well known that works of fiction and books of verse are not treated with anything like the same care. For these the editor keeps his own particular band of "private assassins"—to use Mr. Whistler's phrase. To blame him is absurd. The poor man cannot help it. For every historical or scientific treatise a score of poems and novels come tumbling from the press. Nineteen of these twenty, on an average, are not worth reviewing; but an opinion has to be given on every one. Let me quote Mr. Birrell again on this point. "It is a trade thing," he says, "Were a literary paper to have no advertising columns, do you suppose it would review half the new books it does? Certainly not. It gets the books, and it gets the advertisements, and then it does the best it can for itself and its readers by distributing the former amongst its contributors with the request that they will make as lively 'copy' as they can out of the materials thus provided them. The reviews are written and printed; then begins the wail of the author: My reviewer, says he, has not done me justice; his object appears to have been, not to show me off, but himself. This is no sober exposition of *my* plan, *my* purpose, *my* book, but only a parade of the reviewer's own reading, and a crackling of his thorns under my pot. The author's complaint is usually just, but he should remember that in nine cases out of ten his book calls for no review, and certainly would receive none on its merits."

Now this is very cheerfully put; and sensibly, so far as it goes. But what Mr. Birrell fails to see, or, at any rate, fails to point out, is that the tenth book—the good book—which suffers with the other nine, is just the one whose case is important. A good poem, play, or novel, is at least as fine an achievement as a good history: yet by the present fashion of reviewing, the history gets the benefit of an expert's judgment and two columns of thoughtful praise or censure, while the poem, play, or novel is treated to ten skittish lines by the hack who happens to be within nearest call when the book comes in.

I have said that this hack is almost always good-natured. But he exercises his functions merely in the way of trade; he looks at every job from the tradesman's point of view; and the results are rather sad. Is this doubted? I will give you an instance of the way in which public taste is damaged.

It is the commonest thing in the world nowadays to hear people complain of the length of a novel. "Why *will* authors write at such length? How can you expect us to grapple with those thick volumes?" Is the average man uttering his own opinion when he complains thus? Not a bit of it: he adopts what he sees repeated again and again in print: he has got the opinion from the reviewers. And why have the reviewers put this silly notion into his head? Because time is money in their trade as well as in another, and a long novel is money out of their pockets. While they are reading a work of the length of "Les Misérables," they might be disposing of at least a dozen "shilling shockers" and spending the money they have earned thereby. "We should have liked Mr. So-and-So's clever story very much better had he shown more restraint and written it in one volume instead of three." To be sure we should: and so say all of us—who do piece-work.

But the reader might really show more wisdom than to echo this trade-cry. He might take down a dozen of the most notable novels on his shelves and glance at the number of pages in each. They run to amazing lengths—"Don Quixote," "Clarissa," "Ivanhoe," "David Copperfield," "The Newcomes," "Middlemarch," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," "Monte Cristo," "Les Misérables," "Le Crime et le Châtiment," "La Guerre et la Paix." Does anyone believe that the conditions under which good novels are written have altered since these masterpieces were produced? If they have, who is responsible for the alteration? The reviewers, perhaps? No: the *chinoiseries* of literature are all very well in their way, but when a man sits down to portray life he cannot neglect the atmosphere in which life is conditioned. And for this reason size is the inseparable accident of the first order of novels.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY FROM THE COURTS.

THE STATE TRIALS. New Series. Third Volume. Edited by John Macdonell, M.A. London: H. M. Stationery Department.

THE third volume of the new series of "State Trials" has just been published under the able editorship of Mr. John Macdonell. It comprises the period 1831 to 1840, and smells most damnably of riot: nearly one-half of its seven hundred pages being occupied with that difficult, dangerous, yet fascinating subject.

Rioting is so abominable a thing—resulting, as it so frequently does, in the destruction of property—that it would be unbecoming even in humour to rank it with murder as one of the Fine Arts; or to stop, for more than one single moment, to consider the respective attainments in this matter of the four nationalities which are still described, notwithstanding the bye-elections, as the United Kingdom.

The genius of Sir Walter Scott has carried the fame of the Porteous riots in Edinburgh round the world. As one's memory is suddenly flooded with recollections of those inimitable pages, and of the humours of old Mrs. Howden, of Miss Grisel Damahoy (that ancient seamstress), and Mr. Bartoline Saddletree, it is absolutely necessary to interpolate the remark, however frightfully out of place it may be, that the "Heart of Midlothian" will continue to be read long after the last feather of "The Wild Duck" has ceased to flutter. The Lord George Gordon riots are a great subject, and "Barnaby Rudge" is a book to be grateful for; but Dickens's brush was hardly the one to depict the rush, glare, force, and folly of a mob. So far as we are aware, no genius has as yet consecrated the many efforts of "gallant little Wales" to break the peace; whilst as for Ireland, she is a country where riot and rebellion are so inextricably tangled that it is impossible to view them separately. Our own opinion is that, as rioters pure and simple, Englishmen come first, the Lowland Scotch next, then the Protestant Ulstermen, and, last of all, the Celtic populations of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

The first and longest trial in this volume, which is illustrated by some admirable maps of the localities—or, as we ought perhaps to say, of the riot-fields—is of the unfortunate "little man" (as Scarlett, in his inimitable and triumphant defence, was careful once to call him), Mr. Charles Pinney, who was Mayor of Bristol in October, 1831, when the populace or mob, justly incensed by the conduct of the House of Lords in throwing out the Reform Bill, burnt down the Mansion House, the Bishop's Palace, three gaols, and generally damaged property to the tune of £55,823 13s. 1d.

The Mayor was indicted for not doing what England expects every man to do—namely, his duty. He ought, so the prosecution asserted, to have done more than he did in attempting to suppress the riot. The charge was, of necessity, a vague one. Scarlett, if we may use the phrase, rioted in its vagueness—

> "What is the particular period that my learned friend fixes upon to say that the Mayor of Bristol was guilty? He is charged with being absent from his post. Where ought his post to have been? Has the Attorney-General assigned it? Ought it to have been at the Mansion House? Was he bound to stay there when it was burnt? Was he bound to stay at the Guildhall? He was there the greater part of the day. Was it criminal for him to go for one hour to wash his hands and shave himself. Is that to be his ruin?"

You feel, as you read, how every sentence must have told.

Mr. Pinney was a plucky enough little fellow, and did his best; yet it must be owned that that best was very little; but never, it is only fair to add, did man receive less encouragement than he. The officer in command of the troops was in favour of doing nothing, and so were the other magistrates. The townspeople generally were apathetic, and the soldiers and the mob were, or appeared to be, on suspiciously easy terms. The only civilian who displayed energy seems to have been a Baptist minister, who (what would Mr. Saintsbury say?) is described officially as the Rev. Thomas Roberts. Mr. Roberts thought a little oratory might do good, and obtained permission from the Mayor to try; but, when accommodated with a first-floor window, he found the hour for talk had gone by.

All this waste of wealth and loss of blood—for twelve men were killed and ninety-six wounded during the riot, and four men were hung and seven transported for taking part in it—was immediately occasioned by that worthless person Sir Charles Wetherell, who happened to be Recorder of Bristol, and who insisted, despite the hatred he then inspired, on coming to the city to open the Assizes. Sir Charles is now best remembered by the joke about his only "lucid interval" being the gap usually noticeable between the top of his trousers and the bottom of his waistcoat; but in his own day he was known as a foolish politician of the Sir Thomas Charley and Sir William Marriott type (persons of this kind are apt to be knights), and much addicted to strong language. He had abused the Bristol Reformers with peculiar virulence, and was hated accordingly. It was well known that his setting foot in Bristol would be regarded as a *casus belli*, and soldiers were accordingly held in readiness. Sir Charles arrived on Saturday, the 29th of October, 1831, and drove first to the Guildhall and then to the Mansion House, which was soon surrounded by a mob riotously inclined, who flung stones at the windows. Sir Charles, however, who is described as walking about with his hands in his breeches pockets, and his small-clothes down (enjoying one of his "lucid intervals," in fact), gave it as his opinion that nothing as yet would justify sending for the military. Having said this much, he was smuggled away out of sight of the mob, and we hear of him no more. The crowd continued to increase, and at last the soldiers were sent for, who, finding the people good-tempered, rode amongst them in a friendly spirit, and so the night wore away. The next day, being Sunday, notices were distributed amongst the church and chapel-going folk, entreating their assistance to restore the peace of the city; but beyond swearing-in some 300 special constables, little was done. The crowd, meanwhile, in front of the Mansion House grew noisier and noisier, and drink circulated freely. The Riot Act was read three times in the course of the morning, but Colonel Brereton (the officer in command) would not let the soldiers either fire or charge. He seemed persuaded it was unnecessary, and therefore unjustifiable. He afterwards, and pending a court-martial which would undoubtedly have condemned him, shot himself. The mob, left to itself, grew bolder and bolder, and later in the day proceeded to burn down the Mansion House, and to commit the other outrages referred to. It remained in possession of the city till Monday morning, when Major Mackworth could stand it no longer, and thrusting Colonel Brereton aside, put himself at the head of his troop and, giving the order to charge, dispersed the mob and restored peace to Bristol at one and the same moment of time.

The unhappy life of Mr. Pinney during these forty-eight hours is writ large in the first 542 pages of the stout volume before us. They will not be found tedious by the lover of his species. We have heard complaints about the length of Mr. Browning's masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book," but we shrewdly suspect that what people really found grievous in those four volumes was the poetry. There is no poetry in Pinney's case.

Denman conducted the prosecution. It must have been almost his last brief, for Tenterden, who presided over the trial at its commencement, broke down on the third day, Saturday, the 27th of October, 1832, and, dying on the 3rd of the following month, was succeeded in his high office by Denman himself. Scarlett and Denman had a silly little

quarrel at the very end of the trial, and after the jury had returned their verdict of "Not Guilty." To make the whole thing characteristic of our procedure, the jury—who had come to Westminster Hall from Berkshire by special order—made an application for expenses, having been in attendance eight days. They only got a guinea a day. Then the jurors who had been summoned to try the cases against nine other Bristol magistrates, and who had been in attendance all through Pinney's trial, but who were not now wanted, as the Crown dropped the prosecutions, raised their voices, making their moan for their expenses. They did not get a farthing, and returned home ripe for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

The legal upshot of Pinney's case, which is one of the highest authority, is that in times of riot everyone must do his duty, and suppress the riot as best he can, but he is not bound, even though a magistrate, to take an active part, such as personally conducting a charge or ordering the soldiers to fire, or providing laymen with firearms. A man must not be a coward, but he cannot be indicted for not being a forward, pushing fire-eater. The law, we know, is our schoolmaster, but the task he sets us on this occasion is not a hard one. Excess of zeal has never been favoured either by our Church or our State.

But enough of riot. The famous case of Stockdale *v.* Hansard, which took up so much of the public time in the years 1837-40, is fully reported in this volume. Its symmetry is a little injured owing to the fact that Mr. Stockdale, who was a poor man, was not strongly represented at the Bar; but the stately eloquence and high spirit of Lord Denman cover many forensic deficiencies, and make the case still interesting to read, despite its lack of real, substantive importance. Quarrels between the House of Commons and the Courts of Law in these latter days are more like feuds between rival houses at a school than serious warfare. The combatants cry out very loud, and are amazingly eloquent, and take up an enormous amount of time, whilst the Nation, which for the most part neither lies before the Speaker nor sits upon the Bench, looks on well pleased, even if a little amused, to see what courage possesses the souls of its champions when their own dignity is at stake.

Turning over the Appendix, which is full of matter, we stumbled across a very short report of a case more fraught with significance than ever was Stockdale *v.* Hansard. We refer to the Presbytery of Auchterarder *v.* Earl of Kinnoul (1839), which placed a construction—no doubt a correct one—on that ill-fated and ill-considered statute, one of the first-fruits of the Act of Union, 10 Anne, chapter 12, which made the Disruption of 1843 inevitable and the Disestablishment of the Kirk of Scotland only a matter of time. It would be unfair to enter into details which might lack general interest—

> "Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,
> Started, remembering sadly the cry of a coming election."

Mr. Macdonell's editing is beyond praise. The notes are all notes should be, simply that and nothing more. The portrait of Lord Denman would have been better away, for it is printed after a fashion more suggestive of the Newgate Calendar than an official record of State Trials. Fortunately Lord Denman was so handsome a man that even treated after this fashion he does not look amiss; but there have been judges who could not have stood it.

FRAGMENTS, SCIENTIFIC AND OTHERWISE.

New Fragments. By John Tyndall, F.R.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

Professor Tyndall has long been known as one of our greatest masters of the art of the popular lecture in Science. Indeed, we may say that for a generation he has had no rival near his throne except Professor Huxley. If all other evidences should perish, this volume of "New Fragments," collected from the work of the last ten or twelve years, would alone be sufficient to prove his mastery. The "fragments" are not all lectures—some of them are magazine articles—but the art of the lecturer is over them all. The student of that art could find no better models. Professor Tyndall possesses in an eminent degree the lecturer's imagination, the power of keeping an audience in his mind's eye as he premeditates his spoken discourse; and thus he is able to make his writing as direct and telling as extempore speech. From the habit, probably, of composing in this way, he seems to write always as if he had an audience in his mind, as if what he writes were meant to be spoken, and taken in at a single hearing. It is easy and interesting reading on that account. The hearers that he keeps in view, with a sympathetic appreciation of their difficulties, are not scientific experts, but a mixed or general audience with a more or less intelligent interest in science, and an ambition after a bowing acquaintance with its deeper mysteries. Thus, when he is expounding Goethe's theory of colours, or the optics of the rainbow, or Young's applications of the undulatory theory of light, he takes care not to overstrain the attention with long sketches of dry physics, but judiciously intermixes facts of general human interest with short swallow-flights of abstruser matter. We must acknowledge, of course, that he takes infinite pains to make these snatches of the abstruse as lucid and simple as plain statement and familiar illustration could make them: but the great secret of his success as a lecturer is that he never makes the mistake of giving too much of this kind of thing at a time—only enough, it might be said, to give his hearers a proper respect for science by occasional passages beyond their comprehension. Few among the many who crowded to hear his Friday evening discourse on Goethe's *Farbenlehre* could grasp at a single hearing his demonstration that Goethe was hopelessly wrong as against Newton; but everybody could understand his narrative of how the treatise was commended to the lecturer by his revered friend Carlyle; everybody could feel that Goethe's experiments were most brilliantly described; everybody could appreciate the enthusiasm for the Chelsea sage and the Weimar sage which had impelled the lecturer to take so much trouble; and all would come away with a happy conviction that Goethe's industrious researches could not have been more courteously shown not to have the slightest value. So, in his lecture on "The Rainbow and its Congeners," not everybody would follow his account of the geometric construction of the rainbow, clear as it is; but there is a simpler human interest in what he tells us about the history of its investigation, while his own adventures with rainbows in the Alps and at Hind Head are entertaining, and we can all share his triumph at making the mystic glory of Buddha "a captive of the laboratory." There are stiff passages in his narrative of the researches of Thomas Young, but the strain is not too mercilessly prolonged. "Young now fairly fronted the undulatory theory of light. Before you is some of the apparatus he employed. I hold in my hand an ancient tract upon this subject by the illustrious Huyghens. It was picked up on a bookstall, and presented to me some years ago by Professor Dewar." Such touches of human interest give the hearer breathing-time.

Such popular lectures as Professor Tyndall's might easily be undervalued. Their value must not be measured by the amount of information they contain—though that is considerable for all but the expert—but by the impulse they give. Professor Tyndall knows that a hearer of average intelligence and education can take in only a limited amount in the course of an hour, and he proportions his dry fact and abstruse theory accordingly. No miracle of ablest exposition could put such a hearer in possession of the undulatory theory with all its points of superiority to the rival hypothesis. We have seen

this attempted by a scientific man of the highest eminence, and we have seen even professed mathematicians nodding through the lecture—not in token of assent, nor, as they vainly pretended, because they could think best with their eyes shut and their heads swaying gently up and down on the pivot of the skull. Professor Tyndall knows better, and administers his pure science in smaller doses. His hearers may saturate themselves afterwards at their leisure. He stimulates them to the effort by exhibiting facts and theories not in abstract and cold isolation, but as the achievements of heroes, who thrill with a natural human delight at their own triumphs as they surmount difficulties and reach heights from which they gain an expanded view. He aims at reproducing this thrill for us, and thus surrounds science with a human atmosphere, presenting its explorers not as mere intellectual machines, slaves of the lamp and the forge, of the cell and the coil, but as men of like passions with ourselves. As bearing on this, there is a passage of charming *naïveté* in the Professor's "Personal Recollections of Thomas Carlyle," one of the liveliest of the miscellaneous papers in this volume. "As time went on," he writes, "I drew more closely to Carlyle, seeking, among other things, to remove all prejudice by making clear to him the spirit in which the highest scientific minds pursued their work. They could not detach themselves from their fellow-men, but history showed that they thought less of worldly profit and applause, and practised more of self-denial than any other class of intellectual workers." He does not record how the cynical sage received this. It may have been true when science was under a ban; but since science became popular and fashionable, since it came into the kingdom which Professor Tyndall for one has helped it much to attain, we do not know that men of science are more markedly unworldly than men of letters, or men of law or medicine or theology. Unworldliness is not the special attribute of any class of "intellectual workers," except when they cannot do better. There are unworldly scientists as there are unworldly theologians, but it is an individual virtue.

Outside the scientific lectures and papers in this volume, there are plenty of signs that the man of science may be human—very human—and that scientific eminence is not incompatible with a very pretty turn for rhetorical exaggeration and a sufficiently biassed judgment of evidence. The paper on Carlyle abounds in examples. We do not refer to Professor Tyndall's confident belief that if Carlyle had been alive he would have been a Unionist. His expression of this belief is irrelevant, but it may be regarded as a fairly reasonable hypothesis concerning the sage who described Disraeli's Reform Bill as "Shooting Niagara." He should perhaps have added to the hypothesis the qualification, "but not a Liberal Unionist." That, however, is a trifle compared with the rashness of another statement. Professor Tyndall tells us that he saw much of Carlyle, "but not so much as either of us wished." This is generous and friendly, but very rash. As a man of strict science, the professor should have spoken for himself alone. Again, he accompanied Carlyle to Edinburgh on the occasion of his Rectorial Address in 1866, and gives some interesting particulars of the careful regimen by which he kept his old friend physically up to the mark. Describing the address itself, he says enthusiastically: "I attended more to the aspect of the audience than to the speech of the orator, which contained nothing new to me. I could, however, mark its influence on the palpitating crowd below. They were stirred as if by subterranean fire. For an hour and a half he held them spellbound." This is energetic writing, but it shows very defective powers of observation. The audience was spellbound, perhaps, but it could not have been by the old man's eloquence, for the simple reason that they could not hear it. The present writer was in the audience, and can testify that for the majority the address was dumb show, silence being maintained merely out of respect for the speaker's age and fame. His voice was not strong, and he made no effort to send it beyond the platform. In another passage Professor Tyndall shows an unreasonable attachment to one hypothesis. The Sage, it appears, afterwards described his stay in Edinburgh as "a miserable time." He "must have been the victim of self-delusion," his companion remarks, after giving a glowing account of the general hilarity of Carlyle's reception in public and private, the dinners and the songs, and the anecdotes that set the table in a roar. We sympathise with Professor Tyndall in his enjoyment of this general mirth and festivity; but if Carlyle said afterwards that he was miserable, we can just understand why he may really have been so. There is another hypothesis possible than that he was the victim of self-delusion. A man of science should not have his powers of speculation limited in this way by his personal feelings: it may be magnificent, but it is not scientific. We are all fallible, even men of science.

THE JOY AND PROSPERITY OF JOHN KEATS.

The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn. By William Sharp. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The existence of a great mass of letters, journals, reminiscences, and fragmentary records seems still to be considered sufficient reason for the publication of a "Life and Letters." It is always a book, and the bookmaker is indifferent to everything else. In the case of a great man, it may be right that we should know all about his weaknesses. Certainly, if the skeletons must be brought out, let it be done as soon as possible. Mr. Froude having determined to tell all about Carlyle was really wise in opening the cupboards before the grass had grown on the grave in Ecclefechan, before a false idea of Carlyle's life had sweetly crept "into our study of imagination." But why should the life of Joseph Severn be told? Why should we have a post-mortem on one who has been shrined so long in our hearts? We knew him as one of the noblest figures in our literary history. Why should he appear as anything else? The answer was given long ago.

"'Tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

Writing to his friend, William Haslam, Severn says of Keats:—"He turned to me suddenly on one occasion, and—looking fixedly at me a long while, with a fiery life in his eyes, painfully large and glowing out of his hollow woe-wrought face—said, 'Severn, I bequeath to you all the joy and prosperity I have never had.'" Severn believed that he enjoyed this legacy during the sixty-one years he lived after the death of Keats. He chirps about it to everybody. "My friends here tell me that I shall get an order from our king through these means. Think of that! Am I not a lucky dog? . . . Why, I am like to become downright illustrious. . . . I am so fond of having been Keats's friend, seeing how people are disposed to caress me for his sake. . . . I owe almost everything to him—my best friends as well as my artistic prosperity, my general happiness as well as my best inspirations." His biographer, Mr. William Sharp, not only prints this good-natured chuckling, but actually admires the "joy and prosperity" of the mediocre painter who returned to England in 1841 "with ample means, good prospects, an assured reputation, and *having among his patrons an emperor, a king, a prince of the Church, and several of the greatest and most influential nobles of England.*" It was not "joy and prosperity" on such terms that Keats wished for Severn.

What is of real importance in Mr. Sharp's book is the last chapter of Keats's life. Extracts from letters and MS. reminiscences bring us nearer the protracted agony and the deathbed of the poet than we have ever been before. Severn had been "beating about in the tempest" of Keats's "mind so long" that he had grown at home there. Before Keats was dead Severn knew that the "continued stretch

of his imagination" had already killed him. He had entered into the dream of love returned but unenjoyed which had made a hell of the poet's last days. During the long period of his more than manly performance of a woman's duties, nothing that he did, knowing his friend's dreadful anguish, was more heroic than his handing the laudanum to Dr. Clark instead of to Keats; a stronger, more passionate man would probably have helped the sufferer away. It is certain, that had Keats been alone in Italy, he "would have plunged into the grave in secret," not knowing that he was able to endure to the end, even through his "posthumous life," as he called the period after the withdrawal of the laudanum. Here is one sentence which at a stroke takes down the wall of the house in Rome:—

"Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend; he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall on me they close gently, open quietly, and close again, till he sinks to sleep."

There is too much of this, however. None of the horror, none of the tragedy of Keats's death should be spared; but it should be told in his own life only, and as succinctly as possible. All interest in Severn's life ends with the death of his friend. Keats once assured Severn that he was "the most astonishingly suggestive innocent" he had ever met. His innocence Severn retained to the end of his long life; his suggestiveness, we imagine, lay entirely in the ear of his listener. The immemorable part of his life will not survive this attempt to give it subsistence; but the "unextinguished spirit of his illustrious friend" will "plead against oblivion for his name," and only in that does he share in the joy and prosperity of John Keats.

We have read much of Mr. Sharp's book with great pleasure. Anecdotes of Shelley, of Trelawny, of Turner; letters of Ruskin, and one from a son of Byron enliven his pages. The book is really interesting, and ought to be read, but only for what it is—the collect out of which one chapter of Keats's life may now be fully written.

THE SAFEGUARD OF GREEK DEMOCRACY.

Election by Lot at Athens. By James Wycliffe Headlam, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Prince Consort Dissertation, 1890. [Cambridge Historical Essays, No. IV.] Cambridge: At the University Press.

Mr. Headlam's little book is a prize essay; but it is a really valuable and important contribution to constitutional history. And if the "Prince Consort Prize" can evoke many such "dissertations involving original historical research" it will be doing good service to the cause of sound learning. Mr. Headlam's essay was in type before the discovery of the Aristotelian (there is safety in the adjective) treatise on the Athenian constitution was made public. Under the circumstances Mr. Headlam has adopted the best course open to him. He has added an "Appendix," in which he calls attention to all the passages in that treatise which affect his conclusions in any respect. Fortunately these conclusions are in the main confirmed by the "new work" (for so Mr. Headlam calls it—as, indeed, we are all apt to do). Only on a few minor points would his text require to be modified or supplemented. We trust that a second edition may give him the opportunity of working in the new material.

There has been much controversy about the date at which the lot was introduced into Athenian elections: the precise significance of the institution has been too little studied. "Election by lot" has been treated too often as if it had an absolute value, and historians have disputed about its democratic or non-democratic character as if that could be determined apart from its connection with other institutions in the State. Yet Aristotle's "Politics" show clearly that lot was not necessarily, although generally, a democratic institution in Greek States; and this was pointed out by Professor T. Case in his useful "Materials for the History of the Athenian Democracy" (Oxford, 1874). What Mr. Headlam sets himself to do is to study the lot in relation to the working of the constitution as a whole; so that his monograph is not merely the discussion of an antiquarian controversy, but has a value for the student of politics. Mr. Headlam accepts to a certain extent the suggestion of M. Fustel de Coulanges that the use of the lot may have been adopted originally from religious reasons. (Did not some pious old lady not long ago bequeath money for some charitable purpose, on the condition that the recipient of her charity was from time to time to be chosen by lot from among two persons nominated by her trustees?) But the origin of an institution is one thing: its character after the lapse of time is another. The gambler is apt to be superstitious; but we could not say that gambling now has a religious significance, even when it takes the form of "raffles" at Church bazaars. And so in the case of Athenian institutions Mr. Headlam holds that the lot, though religious in its origin, was in Athenian politics so completely secularised as to be used for distinctly political purposes. It was simply the mechanism by which the supremacy of the popular Assembly was secured. Had the Council been an *elected* committee of the Assembly, it would have continuously gained in power, like the Roman Senate, or, we may add, like the English House of Commons or the English Cabinet. The lot secured that rotation of office among the full citizens which was essential in ancient democracy, and which Aristotle thought was, on the whole, the best arrangement in a State.

It has often been remarked that Grote's "History of Greece" possesses a special value, because Grote was himself an English politician; but Athenian constitutional history has been somewhat misunderstood through German as well as English historians reading into it those ideas of party government which are so familiar to us. It requires an effort to realise that Athenian elections—in the strict Greek sense of "elections by deliberate choice"—took place on personal and not on party grounds. So that it is in vain to look for "leaders of the Government" and "leaders of the Opposition" in Athenian history. Athens suffered from "parties"; but she neither suffered from party government nor gained those relative advantages which party government brings. Mr. Headlam finds a more profitable parallel to Athenian institutions when he points out that "in Switzerland, where direct government is less remote that in any other country, the Executive Council is in no way a party body."

We are too apt to forget that the ancient writers from whom we derive our knowledge of Athenian history were all hostile to the later constitution of Athens. Grote's vigorous defence of Athenian democracy against the caricature of Aristophanes and the Tory prejudices of Mr. Mitford is weakened by his unfortunate errors in regard to details in the constitution. Mr. Headlam, in this essay, seems to us to have exercised a sound and critical judgment in dealing with Greek authorities and German theories; and it is pleasant to find that he can take a sympathetic and favourable view of Athenian politics; for Athens is the spiritual grandmother of our civilisation, and we can hardly be indifferent to questions involving her honour. It is true that Athens put Socrates to death; but what other city could have produced him? What other city would have tolerated his criticisms for so long? "So far as we can see," says Mr. Headlam, speaking of the effects of the direct control of the Assembly, "the administration of the State was more regular, more honest, more successful in every way than that of any other city in the ancient world, and (though, where the work is so different, the comparison is hardly fair) than that of most States in modern times. The Athenians obliged everyone to take his share in the work; they made the work of everyone individually easy; and if he did not do it, they killed him. The result was that the work was done. The most potent attempts to obtain and secure able

officials do not always succeed; the Athenians were sure that the men they appointed were not generally below the average in ability and character, and that they would not deteriorate in office. There are, perhaps, not many States of which the same could be said."

FICTION.

1. Holy Wedlock: a Story of Things as they are. By Charles T. C. James. London: Ward and Downey. 1891.
2. Victory at Last. By E. G. May. London: Elliot Stock. 1892.
3. Green Tea: a Love Story. By V. Schallenberger. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1892.

"Holy Wedlock" is one of those books that have sarcastic titles. The writer says "holy" when he really means the opposite, out of bitterness. This sort of sarcasm has not been limited to the title—it is to be found throughout the book. Here, for instance, is a sentence which the author himself, in his own pages, has thought worthy of repetition:—

"Eight thousand a year had married five, and was living happily ever after."

If this little trick is to count as sarcasm, then sarcasm is within the reach of the very least of us. Reverse your adjectives or adverbs and the thing is done. Even a performing canary, if trained with patience and kindness, might obtain on these terms a very fair reputation as a cynic. The satire of the book must have been easy to write, but to read it is harder than bezique. A marriage for money or position is not admirable; we will take Mr. James's word for it that the average young man of society is made to pattern, and is rather vacuous; possibly the scourge of the satirist is needed. But in this book the scourge is old and worn-out; it is not wielded with strength and spirit; sometimes it misses its mark altogether. It is a sordid story, telling of the love of a married man for an unmarried actress, and culminating in her suicide. It brings us no fresh observation, no new thought, no striking analysis of character. There is, of course, some attempt to give us relief from the sordid scenes of the book by the introduction of one fine character; but it is not possible to get any satisfaction from Miss M'Click. She is supposed to be eccentric, and we grant her eccentricity; but she is also supposed to be shrewd, and her shrewdness is far too ordinary to be worth the fuss that she makes about it; and, although she says "verra" for "very," and occasionally omits a final *g*, we have no belief whatever in her Scotch extraction. Mr. James has done very much better work than this; he is not a first-rate novelist, but he has some humour, and he can invent a good situation. "Holy Wedlock" is a story quite unworthy of him.

"Victory at Last" is a story with a purpose, and—as frequently happens in books of this class—the purpose is very much better than the story. Its materials are conventional. There is the infuriated bull, whose pursuit is baffled, as usual, by an act of heroic self-sacrifice. There is the girl who remonstrates with the village boys for an act of cruelty to a duck. There is the heroine, in a dependent position, who has the beauty, the goodness, and the many proposals that are inseparable from heroines in a dependent position. There is the hero who commences as an Atheist and is subsequently converted. As the hero's name is Charles Kingsley, and as he is nursed during an illness by a Sister Dora, there is some possibility that one may trace out the association of ideas until he reaches the origin of the book. In the use of such phrases as "mens conscia recti" and "dolce far niente" we can guess something of the writer's attainments; the fact that she prefaces her chapter with a quotation from Martin Farquhar Tupper may enable the reader to conjecture approximately the height of her ideals; the frequent use of "like" for "as," the employment of an interjection, such as "Hoity-toity," which is only found in books, are but slight things in themselves, but are worth mentioning, since they will give anyone who is about to read the book some idea of what is before him. We are well aware that to many all that we have said will seem to be a recommendation; there are many who have a decided preference for the stories, the characters, the presentation of life, to which they are most used, and these will find sufficient pleasure in "Victory at Last." And although the literary quality of the book is not very high, there is no necessity to write bitterly of a story which means so excellently. In some stories—occasionally, for instance, in the best work of Mr. Shorthouse—one finds a note of exaltation and spirituality which adds immeasurably to the force of a religious pleading; in "Victory at Last" one does not hear that note. The pleading is earnest and sincere, but it suffers from commonplace thoughts and expression.

The title of "Green Tea" has been previously used; the author apologises for it: "The following story was written with the title 'Green Tea' in view, and the author did not know until the eve of publication that 'A Tale of Green Tea' had been written by Sheridan le Fanu." There is little resemblance between this Californian love-tale and Le Fanu's weird story. There seems to be not much reason why it should have been called "Green Tea" at all, except that green tea, by keeping the heroine awake, caused indirectly one of the more important situations in the book. The worst fault in the story is its obscurity; an important point in the plot is not brought out with sufficient clearness. In other respects it is certainly one of the most charming volumes that has yet appeared in the Pseudonym Library. It has delicacy, naïveté, poetical feeling. The heroine, Susy Carter, is a distinct conception; one would have to go to life, not to books, to find her prototype. The idylls of the country which make up the story are told with remarkable simplicity and boldness; nothing is shirked to get conventional prettiness; the heroine helps her mother at house-work, wears a ragged dress, goes out in the sun and gets freckled. And yet every detail given is selected by an artist, and has due force—adds beauty and reality to the picture. In spite of the faults of construction which are to be found in "Green Tea," it seems to us to possess marked individuality and great promise. There are touches in it which make it probable, we think, that the author is a woman.

FOOTBALL.

Handbook of Athletic Sports: Football, etc. London: George Bell & Sons.

In this volume of the excellent Athletic Series edited by Mr. Ernest Bell, the advocates of the Rugby game and the Association game state their respective cases with clearness and candour, leaving the public to judge of the merits. Mr. Harry Vassall is the champion of the Rugby side, assisted by Mr. Arthur Budd in the detail of professionalism. The Rugby Football Union was organised in 1871, at the initiative of the Richmond and Blackheath clubs. Eight years previously an endeavour had been made to frame a code of laws which would suit all players, but these negotiations were rendered futile by the formation of the Football Association, under a code which Rugbeians could not accept. From that time forward the two games have drifted farther and farther apart; but the Rugby Union has increased from 33 to 290 clubs. The year that saw its foundation saw also the first international match, played at Edinburgh and won by Scotland—a victory which Scotland has twice repeated; but no less than seven of the sixteen matches played have been drawn. Originally there were twenty a side; now there are fifteen. A more open style of play followed the change, and the rules were altered to suit the improvement. But still the length and complexity of the laws are blots upon the game. All readers of "Tom Brown" will have some idea of the number of

technicalities which used to lie between a try and its conversion into a goal.

Mr. C. W. Alcock advocates the cause of Association football, especially with regard to the abolition of "hacking." He explodes the idea that hacking was the true football game and that its omission savoured more of pipes and grog and schnapps than of manliness. In 1866, three years after the formation of the Association, the try at goal was displaced. This initiated a leading characteristic of the new system; instead of making the goal *over* the cross-bar, it must be made *under* the bar. The number of players a side is thus conveniently reduced to eleven. No doubt the individual prowess and skill of a practised player are not now in this system so brilliantly brought out, but the spirit of combination for the common cause is more developed. The unselfish spirit for the furtherance of the common good is thus cultivated in a very living way, and affords capital training for the true life-work in society, where "the individual withers, but the world is more and more." The Rugbeians admit, however, that the brevity of the Association Code is to be aimed at, though they must necessarily provide for carrying the ball and tackling, which are both foreign to the Association game; and they keenly desiderate a complete revision of the laws.

One of the best chapters in the volume is by Mr. Budd, on the effect of professionalism on football. Though the Association has legitimised this element, the Rugby Union at once determined to throttle the hydra of professionalism. He considers that by the firmness and foresight then shown the game has been saved from a system which would have begun in degradation and ended in ruin. He states his reasons calmly and fairly; though keenly resented by the other side, they are not so easily disposed of. It seems an anomaly that in football—to a great extent confined to a short period of a day and for a limited time during the week by each team, when it is a pastime more than a profession—one should find men engaged, in order to earn a livelihood. The sole *raison d'être* of a professional in athletic sport is the excellence which can be obtained by his agency alone—an agency maintained by his life-training to the particular sport. This is exemplified in golf particularly, though that game is omitted by Mr. Budd. In cricket, on the other hand, where the practice is more equalised, the amateur and professional can compete on terms of equality. Football is unique in this way. The amateur will play, as he does at present, each Saturday afternoon, seeing that his business avocations prevent his playing oftener; but the professional will play, say, three times a week, thus perfecting himself at the game. Then a team of professionals, by regular practice together, will become as smoothly co-ordinated as a machine. And what has been the result in the Association? Professionalism has literally swept amateurism before it in all the big cup competitions. For eight years no English amateur club has succeeded in getting into the final tie—that fact speaks for itself. Mr. Budd next raises the moral and economic question. When so little of the professional's time is occupied with the game, what does he do during the remainder of it? He is simply encouraging idleness with its necessary accompaniments, and failing to provide for his time of superannuation, which in this game cannot be so very far off. Though Mr. Shearman hits hard in defence of improved play; yet this may be bought too dearly at the expense of amateurism and the sacrifice of purity. And even at its best, Mr. Budd considers that an invincible team, brought by large money bribes from every corner of the country, would be no more effective in bringing out true sport than the best available talent in the circus in giving a true idea of horse-racing.

Baseball, according to the interesting sketch by Mr. Newton Crane, though now the American national game, was one of the most ancient of English sports. It was found to be a hardy, vigorous game, which called into play the wits as well as the muscles. A salary of no less than £850 a year to each of sixteen professional players is given in America. Every League game is there reported, innings by innings, by special telegraph wires and news agencies, for display on the bulletin-boards of hotels and clubs. Two years ago, in the peripatetic display of the game over the world, the Americans came to England, and received the special written commendation of the Prince of Wales. One cannot yet tell, however, whether the game will "take" in this country. Mr. Crane most carefully points out all the requisites of the game, with capital drawings of courts and positions of players. The games of rounders, fieldball, quoits, bowls, skittles, and curling are briefly sketched by Mr. J. M. Walker. Of all outdoor games quoits is probably the oldest, as it is said to have been played at the Olympic Games in 1453 B.C. It has always been popular in this country, though Henry the Fifth declared that "he as cordially hated the game as the devil did holy water." Bowls, too, is a very historic game. Richard II. forbade its play, as it seriously threatened to interfere with the practice of archery. Drake was so absorbed in the game on Plymouth Hoe that he wished to finish it before seeing about the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Scotland is now the great headquarters of the game, fine greens being found all over the country. When speaking of Sir Richard Brown's "Memorabilia Curliana" as perhaps one of the best books written on the game of curling, he should have remembered the Rev. Mr. Kerr's excellent volume, recently published. On the whole this is an enjoyable book, and seems most reliable.

MONTROSE.

MONTROSE. By Mowbray Morris. "English Men of Action." London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

As almost all the available materials for a life of Montrose are now in print, an adapter like Mr. Mowbray Morris has more chance of doing his work satisfactorily than some others who have recently attempted to write history at second-hand. Of this chance he has availed himself to produce not only the most readable, but the most historically satisfying of the biographies of Montrose now in existence. He has none of that fanaticism which spoils the work of Napier, and he judges of the political controversies of Montrose's day with refreshing sanity. His descriptions of military operations are hardly up to the level of the remainder of his work; for instance, he makes Montrose's defence of Fyvie turn upon his possession of a certain "rugged hill" which has no existence in nature. It is only fair, however, to add that Mr. Mowbray Morris did not invent the hill; he merely exaggerates the misstatement of others.

DR. MILLIGAN'S BAIRD LECTURES.

LECTURES ON THE APOCALYPSE. By William Milligan, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

THE "Baird Lectures" of Dr. Milligan, entitled "The Revelation of St. John," have received a deserved welcome. They may not offer the final interpretation of this much-interpreted book, but their treatment of it is fresh, sane, and scholarly. The principles they work upon are that the book embraces the whole period from the first to the second coming of the Lord; that within this period it sets before us the action of great principles, and not special incidents. It may well be objected to this way of looking at the book that it makes it too ideal; that it detaches the vision and prophesying of the writer from actual history to an extent without analogue in the rest of the Hebrew and early Christian literature. On many of the details, too, exception may be taken to Dr. Milligan's exegesis and philology. But these things notwithstanding, the merit of the book is signal. Dr. Milligan has kept his head where nearly every other scholar has lost his; his style is always lucid, and, apart from his own theory, his lectures are the best popular presentation of the whole question. It is, therefore, not surprising that a third edition should already have been called for. The author has taken the opportunity of considerably altering the form of his book. In the two previous editions the lectures were followed by several appendices treating of questions that appeal to a narrower circle than the public for whom the lectures themselves are intended. In this edition the appendices are entirely omitted (Dr. Milligan intending to reconsider them and publish them separately in a volume of discussions) and the lectures are alone given under a new title.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Mr. Sutherland's monograph on "William Wordsworth" has reached a second and revised edition. There is little in the volume which calls for special remark; it is merely a painstaking, though by no means an entirely successful, attempt to state the facts and to gauge the forces which together constitute whatever is memorable in the story of the poet's life. It is written with abundant enthusiasm, in a clear, though hardly an attractive, style; but of criticism—in spite of the assertion on the title-page—there is little, and still less of value. Mr. Sutherland's literary work, or, at all events, this sample of it, lacks the saving quality of self-restraint, and he weakens the impression of his book by his trick of moralising, as well as by his fondness for flowery—and we might almost add flaccid—expressions. The tone of the book is sympathetic, but the genial biographer's admiration for the poet occasionally betrays him into odd and puerile extravagance.

On the principle, we suppose, of the survival of the fittest, the book which Mr. Walter Besant wrote at the time of the Queen's Jubilee has, unlike its rivals, escaped oblivion, and in a new and revised form has just obtained a new lease of life. Though no longer strictly accurate, the old title has been retained, and the work—a handsome crown octavo volume, with no lack of illustrations—accordingly is still published under the name of "Fifty Years Ago." In flat defiance of all received systems of chronology, Mr. Besant declares that until the year of Her Majesty's accession England was still in the grasp of the Eighteenth Century. This rather startling assertion he justifies, at all events to his own satisfaction, in the following ingenious way:—"As yet the country was untouched by that American influence which is now filling all peoples with new ideas. Rank was still held in the ancient reverence; religion was still that of the Eighteenth Century Church; the rights of labour were not yet recognised; there were no trades-unions; there were no railways to speak of, and nobody travelled, except the rich; their own country was unknown to the people; the majority of country people could not read or write; landlords, manufacturers, and employers of all kinds did what they pleased with their own, and the Blue Ribbon was unheard of." Yet there was discord beneath the surface; the Chartists were beginning to agitate, the lessons of the French Revolution had not been thrown away, and the first Reform Bill had passed into law. In spite of all this, and much else to the same effect, to which we cannot here allude, Mr. Besant still thinks that 1837 and not 1832, much less 1800, was the year one of the new century; and perhaps it is hardly worth while to stop and argue the point with him. When the Queen came to the throne the Civil Service was still a close preserve for the nominees of distinguished people, perpetual pensions abounded, and the Church was cursed with complacent pluralists. The wages of a skilled mechanic seldom rose above thirty shillings a week, whilst food, clothing, and nearly all the necessaries of life were much dearer than at present. No one can question the force of what Mr. Besant has to say concerning the amazing change for the better which has come over the condition of the working classes in the Queen's reign, and happily this improvement in outward circumstances has been accompanied by greater sobriety, thrift, intelligence, culture, and self-reliance. In a series of entertaining chapters, to which the droll illustrations of George Cruikshank and the inimitable portraits which Daniel Maclise contributed long ago to the "Fraser Gallery" lend additional effect, Mr. Besant portrays, with a light and picturesque touch, different aspects of English life and society at a period when the Queen had not yet escaped from her teens. In those days life was more prim and formal—leisure had not been lost, reverence threw its bloom around custom and rank, and elderly ladies still appeared in imposing turbans, and would almost have taken a fit if suddenly confronted by a man with a beard. Mr. Besant sketches with a running pen the changes which have come over the modern world with the development of steam-power, the progress of machinery, the discovery of the electric telegraph, the establishment of the Penny Post, and other more recent advantages. The final chapters of the book are somewhat disappointing, and the account which Mr. Besant gives of the House of Commons, the growth of education, the rise of the Colonies, and the revival of religious life in the Church, is singularly meagre and inadequate. Still the book, even with these drawbacks, is full of movement and colour, and presents a vivid and interesting picture of the great reign which we all hope is far from ending yet.

If anyone doubts the saying that men are but children of a larger growth, let him read "Rixæ Oxonienses." It is a curious record, based avowedly on Anthony Wood, Hearne, and Prideaux, Maxwell Lyte, Anstey, and Brodrick, to say nothing of the publications of the Oxford Historical Society. Chiefly from these sources, Mr. Hulton has compiled a very readable book, in which it is possible to trace the "battles of the nations," and the town and gown struggles for supremacy which followed in their wake. Oxford in the days of the Stuarts is graphically depicted, and the Jacobite leanings of a later age, and the riots to which they led, are duly set forth in this vivacious chronicle. Within the last few years, town and gown rows have, to all intents and purposes, come to an end in Oxford, and not even the most frolicsome team of freshmen are ever likely again to make the anniversary of gunpowder, treason, and plot a day to be dreaded of all good citizens.

One great advantage of Mr. Eyre-Todd's examples of "Mediæval Scottish Poetry" springs from the fact that he is enough of the fastidious scholar to take no liberties whatever with the text of such poems as "The Kingis Quhair," "The Testament of Cresseid," "The Goldyn Targe," "Bewty and the Presonier," and other quaint poems by James I., Robert Henryson, William Dunbar, and Gavin Douglas. "The Kingis Quhair" was first printed in 1783 from the only known copy, the Selden manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is written in Chaucer's seven-line stanza, and describes the love of the captive prince for Lady Jane Beaufort, and it is believed to have been composed by James at Windsor in 1423, the year before he regained his liberty. Henryson has been, not inaptly, described as the "most exquisite of the Scottish Chaucerians," and, even if this claim be disallowed, nothing can deprive him of the honour of being the writer of the earliest Scotch pastoral. William Dunbar is regarded by Mr. Eyre-Todd as the Horace of Scotland, and Gavin Douglas, though with less justice, is made to do duty as the national Virgil. Both were remarkable men: indeed, in these pages it is even claimed that the author of "The Goldyn Targe" stands second only to Robert Burns in the gallery of Scottish poets. An interesting account is given of Gavin Douglas, the courtly poet and Churchman of James IV.'s time, whose portrait has been drawn by Sir Walter Scott in attractive colours in the sixth canto of "Marmion." We trust that Mr. Eyre-Todd may be encouraged to proceed with this Abbotsford series of the Scottish poets, for the two volumes which he has already published make it abundantly clear that he possesses the requisite knowledge, taste, insight, and critical skill necessary to the successful accomplishment of so difficult a task.

Dr. Strahan believes with Professor Maudsley that a man's ancestors have much to do with his destiny, because no one can escape the tyranny of his organisation. This may be said to be the text upon which a group of powerful lay sermons is preached in a volume of three hundred pages entitled "Marriage and Disease." The doctrine of the hereditary transmission of family traits and habits, although clearly established, has hardly as yet received the public recognition which its importance demands. Dr. Strahan regards the man who is undermining his physical health, or degrading his higher nature, as neither more nor less than a reckless tenant for life, who is wantonly diminishing the resources of a possession which he is in honour bound to hand over as far as possible unimpaired to the next in succession. With great clearness the physical and moral bearings of transmitted disease are described, and an attempt is made by an appeal to facts, which unfortunately cannot be gainsaid, to prove the relentless action of a law of nature which brings suffering and disaster to the innocent. There are passages in this book which touch some of the deepest problems of human life and its mysterious environment, and it is impossible for any thoughtful reader to follow Dr. Strahan's temperately worded but earnest appeal without perceiving the profound moral significance of the arguments on which his whole position hinges. The work is distinctly opportune, and it could hardly have been written with better taste. Dr. Strahan, indeed, suggests much which he wisely leaves unsaid; but, on the other hand, he says enough to remove the plea of ignorance, and to place men and women on their guard.

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* William Wordsworth: The Story of His Life, with Critical Remarks on His Writings. By James Middleton Sutherland. Second Edition. London: Elliot Stock. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

Fifty Years Ago. By Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," etc. Illustrated. London: Chatto & Windus. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d. net.)

Rixæ Oxonienses. By Samuel F. Hulton. Illustrated. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. London: Methuen & Co. Crown 8vo.

Mediæval Scottish Poetry. Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets. Glasgow: William Hodge & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s. 6d.)

Marriage and Disease: A Study of Heredity and the More Important Family Degenerations. By S. A. K. Strahan, M.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Crown 8vo.

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